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FIRST COMPLETE LIST

Following Is the First Nearly Complete Roster of Men and Women In Service Who Gave Their Lives During the World War. McKean Is the First County In the State to Present Such a List. 108 Was the County's Toll.

The publication of this list of the men and women who made the supreme sacrifice met with such favorable comment from readers that instead of running the final installment the complete list is published all on this page. There are 108 names to be honored and it is suggested that tomorrow when we meet to honor the heroic dead of the Civil War that the reading of this list may form a part of the program. This suggestion comes from the County Council of National Defense from whom data was obtained to make this list. Guy McCoy, secretary, and Clinton V. Cook, of Co. C. 112th Regt. gave much valuable assistance. It is again explained that for convenience in printing the names of the dead in Co. C. and E, they are placed under separate headings and the names do not appear under the various locality headings.

This paper should be preserved as it is unlikely that this list will appear again for a long time, unless copied from the MINER by other newspapers, as the labor involved in the preparation of the copy is considerable. Any mistakes or omissions in the list should be reported to the MINER or to Guy McCoy so that proper change can be made upon the record cards.

ANNIN TOWNSHIP

Greg E. Green, Port Allegany, R. F. D. 1, aged 31 Killed in action in France, October 31, 1918. Mother lives in Annin township.

BRADFORD

Walter Earl Cheeseman, aged 24, died of bronchial pneumonia while with the army of occupation in Coblenz, Germany, Feb. 2 1919. Wife lives in Akron, Ohio; sister in Bradford.

Arthur Edward Cooney, age 31, severely wounded in action in France, Oct. 30; died Nov. 2 1918. Parents live in Bradford.

Arthur Jacob Duggan, aged 28. He was in the Chemical Warfare Service and died in France March 2, 1919, cause of death unknown. He was a sergeant.

Sergeant Edmond P. Freeman, age 21 died of bronchial pneumonia Sept. 18 1918, at Camp Merritt, N. J. Parents live in Bradford.

Harmon Dunn Hall, age 24. Enlisted in the Foreign Legion at Laon France in October, 1914. Killed in action June 15, 1915. Probably the second man from the county to be killed in the war. His cousin Wm. E. Russell resides in Bradford.

Frank L. Keefe, age 25, died of bronchial pneumonia in France Oct. 1, 1918. Parents live in Bradford.

Sergeant Frederick Harold Mack, age 33. Died from wounds received in action in hospital in France. Details not available. Mother lives in Bradford.

Forney Sam Rupert, age 31, was one of the first Bradford soldiers to die overseas. His death was caused by pneumonia in France July 9, 1918, a few days after landing in that country.

Fred L. Seward, age 40, was drowned when the transport Otronto was wrecked off the coast of Scotland.

Floyd Archibald Stephens, age 23, died suddenly in Camp Lewis, Tacoma Washington, May 8 1918. His mother, Mrs. Maude Sephens of Casper, Wyoming, was born in Keating township. Mrs. C. W. Freeman of this place was his aunt.

Clarence L. Schorman, age 23, died in France of wounds received in action. Parents live in Bradford.

William Bateman, died at the embarkation hospital at Hoboken, cause and date not available.

James John Carlson, age 20, died from wounds received in action in France, October 5, 1918. Parents live in Bradford. He was in the Marine Corps.

Charles E. Courtright of the Canadian E. F., killed in France. Further details unknown.

Charles W. Hoadley, killed in action August 25, 1918. Further details unknown.

Miss Stella Knapp, Red Cross Nurse died at Camp Holabird, N. Y. after few days illness with pneumonia, aged 27. Parents live in Bradford.

Frederick Lingenfelsher, killed. No further details.

Frank A. Meaney, killed by the bursting of a shrapnel shell in the Argonne Woods Sept. 27, 1918. Mother lives in Bradford.

Lieutenant K. C. Morrow, killed while giving an exhibition flight over city of Detroit. Date not given. Was buried in Bradford where family reside.

Frederick W. O'Donnell, killed. No further details.

Corporal Milo Pettit, aged 23, died at Camp Lee in October, 1918, after a brief illness of influenza. Buried in Bradford where wife resides.

Corporal Waldo A. Race, aged 22 years, died at Camp Devens, Mass., of pneumonia. Date not given. Parents live in Manchester Depot, Vermont. *Has relatives in Bradford.*

Curtis Vaugn, died. No data available.

Deaths in Company C., Bradford.

Private Arthur Brace, age 20 years, died in Bradford hospital disease. Saw service on Mexican border.

George P. Dewey, M. G. Co., died of wounds received during an air raid near St. Gilles, France, Sept. 6, 1918. Died in hospital next day.

Alfred E. Elmore, died of pneumonia at Camp Hancock, Nov. 24, 1918. Burial was in Wilcox where family reside.

Private John W. Hill died of wounds received in action August 23, 1918. Died Sept. 9. Previous to enlisting was employed in the Star Record office Bradford. His family resides in Bradford.

Private Robert Paul Johnson, died of wounds received July 14, at Chateau Thierry. Date of death July 15. Family reside in Bradford.

Lieut. Daniel Frederick McCarty, wounded slightly August 15, again wounded seriously Oct. 19. Died of influenza Oct. 23, 1918. Promoted in officers' training school at Augusta, Ga. from ranks to second lieutenant. Family reside in Bradford.

Private Hart McKune, M. G. Co., killed in action July 15, 1918 at Chateau Thierry. Was 30 years of age; lived in Bradford.

Private Nate T. Nesselson killed in action, August 11, 1918, at Fismes, France. Recommended for D. S. C by Capt. Roy R. Kruchbaum but messenger was wounded and message never delivered. Age 24, family lives in Bradford.

John W. Owens, age 28, killed in action near Chateau Thierry. Enlisted in Bradford September 1917.

Corporal Henry John O'Brien was in officers' training school in France, had been decorated for bravery. Died of disease Nov. 24, 1918. 19 years old, family lives in Bradford.

Private Ernest Clifton Reddish, 19 years was killed in action at the battle of Fismes, France, August 9, 1918. Family reside at Sawyer City. He was well know in Smethport.

Lieut. John C. Roach, aged 23, killed in action Oct. 14, 1918 at Fismette, France. Was made a sergeant on the Mexican border and had same rank on reaching France. Was cited for bravery and sent to Officers training school where he earned a commission. Parents reside at Bellevue, Pa.

Corporal Warren Daniel Shaw, age 19, died of wounds received in action in September, 1918. Saw service on the Mexican border. Family live in Bradford, R. F. D. 2.

Private Stephen Rudolph Sankner, age 25, died of wounds received in action Sept. 6, 1918. Date of death Oct. 1. Parents live at Lewis Run.

Private Bert Seamon, killed in action in France, no details available.

Private William Wesley Sincerny, aged 19, killed in action in France, August 1918. Family lives in Bradford.

Private Norman D. Stuchel age 26 shot through head by shrapnel, July 26, 1918, *somewhere in "no mans land France*, Family live at Sawyer City.

CERES TOWNSHIP

William P. Dunn of Barden Brook, drowned at sea near Haiti, May 21, 1918. No further details.

ELDRED BOROUGH

Myron D. Burns, age 18, died of wounds received near Fossoy, France, July 15, 1918. He was cited for extraordinary bravery and in the engagement in which he received fatal wounds; killed eight of the enemy with his rifle and bayonet. He crawled about for two days before being picked up and taken to the hospital where his death occurred. Mother lives in Eldred.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP

John G. Killin, died of pneumonia, Nov. 23, 1918. Parents live at Rew.

Donald W. McCool, age 22, died of pneumonia, October 19, 1918, at Camp Greenleaf Ga. Wife and parents live at Rew.

James B. Passmore, age 29, died of pneumonia in France, Oct. 13, 1918. Mother lives at Rew.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

Gust Egnes Nyberg died at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., of pneumonia. Date not given. Burial was at Wetmore where three brothers survive.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP

John Franklin Carr, age 23, died of pneumonia at Fort Bliss, Texas Dec. 16, 1918. He was a nephew of Enos Carr of Alexandria, Va., who formely resided in Smethport.

Sergeant Walter Peter Johnson, age 24, killed in action in France, August 15, 1918. Mother lives in Mt. Jewett.

Corporal William James Joy, age 21, died of pneumonia in France, Oct. 25, 1918. He was in the anti-aircraft service. Parents live at Hazelhurst.

Arthur Joseph Marks, age 25, killed in action in France July 30, 1918. Parents reside near Kasson.

Sergeant Winfield S. Tucker, age 19, died of influenza at Fort Worth, Texas, Oct. 10, 1918. Father lives at Hazelhurst.

KANE

Corporal William W. Crawford, Jr., died of pneumonia in France, date not given. Mother lives in Kane.

John B. Donovan, age 19, died in service Jan. 24, 1918 at Norfolk, Va. Cause of death not given. Has brothers and sisters in Kane.

Michael John Daly, age 31, died in service at the Edgewood Arsenal, Md. from influenza and pneumonia. Parents reside in Kane.

William H. Fitzsimmons, age 26, died Sept. 22, 1918 at Great Lakes Ill. Mother lives in Kane.

Lloyd Guyer, age 28, died of pneumonia Oct. 4, 1918, at Camp Dix, N. J. Mother lives in Kane.

Leonard Levin Johnson, age 23, died of wounds Nov. 3, 1918. Parents live at Kane.

Harry X. Lee, age 23, death due to pneumonia, following influenza. Wife and parents live at Kane.

Royal McKinley Lewis, age 21, died of pneumonia, Sept. 22, 1918, at Great Lakes training station. Mother lives at Shippenville, Pa.

Forrest Franklin Small, age 24, died in France following illness. He was a sergeant. Mother lives at Kane.

KEATING TOWNSHIP

Loy Albert Douglas, age 22, died in France of cubro scubrio, with exhaustion, date undetermined. Father, who lives in East Smethport, was notified Nov. 27, 1918.

Henry Lawerence Herzog, age 27, honorably discharged Nov. 27, 1917, for physical disability, afterward died at Tulsa, Oklahoma, Dec. 14, 1917. Was buried at Farmers Valley where his parents reside.

Keith William Pratt, age 21, died Oct. 15, 1918, at Camp Upton, N. Y., of pneumonia. Parents live at East Smethport.

James Roxford Scowden, age 22, killed in action Sept. 29, 1918, in Mouflt Kimmel sector, France. He had seen much service prior to entering the world war in Mexico and other places. Was killed at the same time Sergeant Hans A. Benson of Colegrove received wound that cost him his right arm and Benson was in the same shell hole with Scowden's body for a whole day. His parents live at Farmers Valley.

Deaths in Company E, Kane.

Sergeant Edwin C. Adams, age 36 died of wounds received in action. Date of death July 15, 1918. Sergeant Adams received fifteen wounds from bursting of a shrapnel shell, July 14. He was formerly a regular army sergeant. Mother and sister reside at Cohocton, N. Y.

Private Walter Laberne Baker, age 19, died Sept. 28, 1918 from wounds received in action. Served through Marne offensive from Chateau Thierry to Fisme, believed to have received fatal wound in Argonne. Family live at Kane.

Corporal Francis Edward McEnteer, age 27, killed Sept 27, in the Argonne Parents live at Kane.

Lieut. Raymond Nicolas, aged 25, was promoted from private to sergeant before going overseas. In France promoted to second Lieutenant. No details as to date and cause of death.

Corporal Elsworth Lanning, age 20 died of pneumonia Oct. 2, 1918. Mother lives at Kane.

Private Lee Edward Pearman, age 21, officially reported as killed Sept. 29, 1918. On day he was killed the 112th Regt. was participating in Meuse offensive, having position of honor in center of line. Family live at Kane.

Edward Charles Schwerfager, age 24 killed in action, October 1918.

Private Edgar Wainwright, age 23 killed in action, date not available.

Private Harold Oscar Hallberg, age 21, promoted to corporal in France, killed July 25, 1918, no other details given. Family live at Kane.

Corporal Arvid Larson, aged 28, killed in action August 9, 1918 while crossing the Vesle river in France. Family lives in Kane.

Private Cash Sean, Lopus, age 23, killed in action July 26, 1918. Relatives scattered.

Corporal James L. Uber, age 29, died, Oct. 3, 1918. No further details. Parents resides on Kinzua road.

Private Lee Alfred Hanks age 20, killed in action Oct. 7, 1918. Family live at Burrows, Pa. He was killed in the Argonne.

Private Collins D. Thomas, age 21, killed instantly July 25, 1918, near Chateu Thierry. His mother and sisters reside in Smethport.

Private Chas. E. Lucore, Kane, killed in action in France. Further data not available.

LA FAYETTE TOWNSHIP

Edward Mowrey, age 27, died of pneumonia Feb. 19, 1918, after being honorably discharged. Father lives in Port Allegany, R. F. D. 2.

Lieutenant Quinn, lost his life in airplane accident at Carruthers Field, Fort Worth, Texas, Jan 13, 1919, after completing 13 months active service. Mother lives at Mt. Alton.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP

Orlo S. Chaffee, age 19, died August 22, 1918 in France. Was both gassed and wounded. Wife lives in Pittsburgh, father lives North Bingham Potter county, Pa.

Glenn R. Henderson, age 21, died at Camp Forrest Georgia, of pneumonia, Oct. 27, 1918. Parents live at Port Allegany.

Ellwood L. Wicks, age 24, died May 22, 1918 of measles in the Brooklyn Naval Hospital. Father lives Port Allegany, R. D. 2.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP

Frank Brice, died of pneumonia at Camp Lee, Va., about Dec. 25, 1918. Buried at Kittaning, Pa.; further details not at hand. Father lives at Norwich.

Ralph Laberne Burdick, age 24, killed in action Nov. 7, 1918, while fighting in France. Parents live at Colegrove.

Sergeant William Robert Cleveland, age 25, killed in action June 11, 1918, near Chateau Thierry. He was in the Marine Corps. His parents have received citation of bravery from French government as well as the croix de guerre bestowed in memory of his heroic deeds. Parents live at Crosby.

Alfonso Dispasquale killed in action in France Oct. 6, 1918. Brother in Bellaire, Ohio.

Claire Burdette Gallup, age 24, died of pneumonia Dec 22, 1918, in France. Parents reside at Colegrove.

John Ralph Gifford, age 30, killed in action in France, Nov. 10, 1918. Father lives at Crosby.

Captain Oscar William Hogsdell, age 35, accidentally shot while doing guard duty at Sour Lake, Texas, Nov. 7, 1917. Buried at Colegrove where his widow resides.

Ernest C. Richardson, age 22, was killed Sept. 22, 1918, in sacrifice charge made by Canadian troops of which he was a member. Father lives in Batula.

OTTO TOWNSHIP

Lowell L. Andrus, age 26, died Sept. 30, 1918, at Great Lakes training camp of influenza. Father lives in Bolivar, N. Y.

PORT ALLEGANY

Sergeant Frank G. Burt, Jr., age 21, killed in action in France July 30, 1918. Grandfather resides at Port Allegany.

Charles R. Burtch, age 27, died of pneumonia in France, March 14, 1918. Mother lives at Port Allegany.

Guy Dwyer, killed in action in France, Feb. 4, 1915. He belonged to the famous "Princess Pat" regiment of Canadian troops and was the first McKean county man to be killed in the war. His parents reside at Endicotte, N. Y.

Edwin Amandus Johnson, age 26, died Dec. 29, 1918, at U. S. Navy Hospital, Philadelpha, of pneumonia. Parents reside at Port Allegany.

Lieut. Hilding Becelius Johnson, age 23 years, killed in aeoplane accident at Scott Field, Beltville, Ill., August 20 1918. Was very well known and popular in Smethprt. Buried at Port Allegany, where his parents reside.

Eldredge Julian King, age 20, killed in action in France July 30, 1918. Mother lives in Port Allegany.

Sergeant Charles E. Lambert, age 22 killed in action in France Nov. 2, 1918 in terrific battle. Mother lives in Buffalo.

Arthur C. Nelson, age 27 years, died at Camp Sherman, Ohio, March 11, 1918 of tuberculosis. Mother resides at Port Allegany.

William Harold O'Connor, age 18, died Oct. 17, 1918, at Bucknell College of pneumonia. Parents reside at Port Allegany.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP

Fred Herman Bloomster, age 25, died March 21, 1919 of pneumonia at Camp Merritt, N. J., just after his return from gallant service overseas. His illness was caused by his weakened condition due to being gassed while in action. Mother lives near Kasson. He was buried in the Kasson cemetery the funeral being attended by an immense crowd of sorrowing people.

Nagareno Primerano, age 23, reported missing in action Nov. 10, 1918. Later reported buried in France Nov. 13, 1918. Date and cause of death not known. Relatives live in Italy.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP

Frank Arthur Olson, age 25, killed in action Nov. 7, 1918. Parents live at East Kane.

Otto H. Swanson, age 30, died at Camp Lee, Oct. 16, 1918, of pneumonia. Sister resides at Kane.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS

It is important for many soldiers to know that men rejected at the training camps on physical grounds are entitled to the bonus of $60 each paid other soldiers upon being mustered out of the service. This information seems to be reliable and it is up to the physically disqualified soldiers of this community to get in touch with the war department regarding this important matter. From information obtained from the Council of National Defense there are about 150 men in the county who can profit by this ruling.

That the men deserve this bonus no one will question. They were entirely willing to fight throughout the war, and a number were bitterly disappointed when they were rejected.

—Just Think! Six knives, forks, and teaspoons of Alvin Triple Plate silver for $16.50. Wiant's Jewelry Store. adv22w1

LOST

Full $12.00 Presto-light Tank between Smethport and Warren on the State Highway by Backus and Mt. Alton. A reward will be given the finder if tank is delivered to Wm. J. Dey, Coudersport, Pa. adv22w1

Advanced 20 per cent last week. Buy now at the old price as long as the present stock lasts. Wiant's Jewelry Store adv.22w1.

STRAVINO HOUSE AND CONTENTS WERE BURNED

The Stravino House, a three-stories wooden building on Water street was burned to the ground early Sunday morning. The contents also were a total loss.

The family was awakened by the cries of a pet cat and upon getting out of their beds found the house in flames. They had scarcely time to don a few clothes and make their escapes. The firemen were quickly on the scene and from 3 o'clock until 6:30 a. m., had a fierce fight on their hands to save the adjoining buildings. They were somewhat aided in their efforts by the fact that surrounding buildings were thoroughly rain-soaked, but M. H. Kelly's livery stable separated by an alley only a few feet wide from the burning hotel was in great danger of destruction for two hours. The firemen fought unceasingly however and confined the flames to the Stravino building which was beyond saving when the alarm was given.

The burned building was formerly the Pierce House and was erected in the early eighties. For a number of years the late A. H. Pierce, Sr. conducted a hotel there and later the place was conducted by M. C. Caskey. Phillip Stravino has occupied the building for the past thirteen years conducting a store and boarding house and was its owner. Mr. Stravino said Monday that he had lived in Smethport 26 years, worked every day and that practically all his savings went into the purchase of the building and improvements upon it. He estimates his loss at about $10,000 upon which is insurance to the amount of $4,000.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM FOR SMETHPORT

In case inclement weather, the exercises will be held at the Court House and Monument.

PARADE

The parade will form on West Main street in front of the court house at 1:30 p. m. and the route will be down Main to Mechanic street to Bank street to Nelson street, to cemetery; returning to Nelson street to Main and disband in front of court house.

EXERCISES AT CEMETERY

Music ..... Band
Invocation ..... Rev. W. E. VanDyke
Post Exercises ..... Post 347, G. A. R.
Music ..... Male Chorus
Reading—Lincoln's Gettysburg
Address ..... Guy B. Mayo
Music ..... Band
Oration ..... Rev. Arthur Gregson
Music ..... Male Chorus
America ..... Band and Audience
Benediction ..... Rev. Guy L. Margeson
Strewing of Flowers.

OFFICERS

President of the Day—E. Gordon Potter
Marshall ..... P. S. Crossman
Orator ..... Rev. Arthur Gregson

COMMITTEE

Executive—C. C. Choate, Thos. H. Morrison, G. B. Mayo.
Music—Dr. H. L. McCoy
Flowers—Daughters of The American Revolution, Travelers' Club.
Cemetery—Smethport: R. C. Sasser; Kasson, H. L. Burlingame; Colegrove, C. A. Anderson; Farmers Valley, Fred Brockham, Leon Curtis.
Conveyances—H. H. Redfield, J. Clayton Backus, R. E. Burdick.
March Committee—Paul Denning, William Nellis, Frank Fay, Ervin McCarthy.

BIDS WERE OPEN

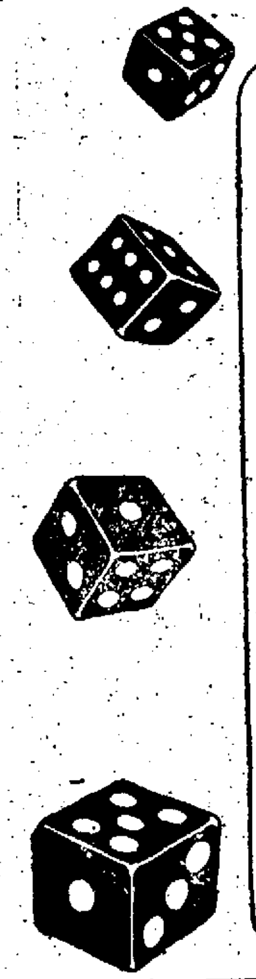
Bids for the building of an 18-foot reinforced concrete highway, known as Route No. 96, and extending from Row City to Smethport, a distance of about 10 miles, have been opened. There were seven bidders, after the contract and Messrs. Charles Moore and Co. of Philadelphia were the lowest bidders, their figures being $448,000.

It is probable that this firm will be awarded the contract and that work will be commenced within a comparatively brief period.

The Row City-Smethport highway will be built entirely by state aid money.

DICE of DESTINY

By Jackson Gregory



DOWN on the Mexican border a sturdy young American takes a long gambler's chance with a swarthy son of Spain, with the stake the good will of a wealthy Spanish grandee and the hand and heart of a fair senorita.

Did he win ?

Read the answer in the thrilling romance about to appear in this newspaper. You will surely enjoy every installment

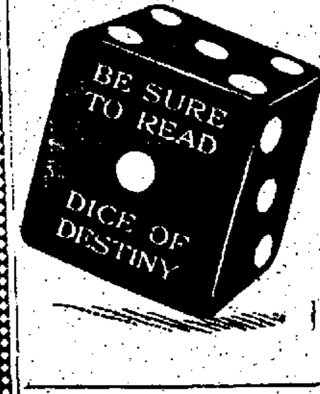
A Game for High Stakes!

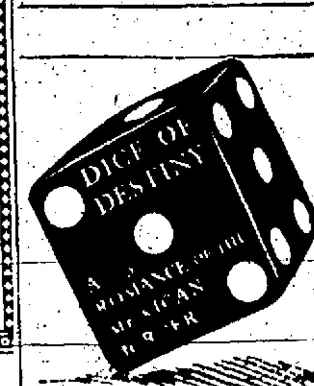
Billy Stanway, American rancher, loved the pretty young granddaughter of a wealthy old Spanish overlord of a neighboring estate sufficiently to gamble every chance for her affection and the good will of the grandee on the roll of the

Dice of Destiny

When the old Senor was mysteriously abducted and his captors demanded a heavy ransom for his return, Billy's native instinct told him that things were not just as they seemed, but the end justified the desperate chance he took.

You will enjoy every installment of the splendid new serial we have arranged to give you. Don't fail to read it





ART DEVELOPED AS NEEDED

Makers of Cabinets Fitted Themselves to Demands of Increasingly Enlightened Generations.

Cabinet making, as all arts, began with the human needs of people. War and the necessity for hastily moving from place to place during the semi-civilized periods gave place to the making of homes and the effort to furnish them comfortably—one of the strongest impulses in nature and the surest sign of civilization.

The old chests in which they kept their belongings were at last allowed to remain stationary and were used as seats. The name of these chests in [illegible] was "coffers" and the maker of them was called a "coffer maker." As soon as might be the cabinet maker provided the old chests with backs and they became settles while others were raised on legs and became cabinets or, being provided with doors and drawers, became cupboards or "chests of drawers." Tables and beds were also devised, together with wainscoting for the walls and people really began to live.

The workmen who made these things were capable of designing and executing an entire department, with its furniture. Great skill was required and notables and royalty prided themselves on having some artist-artisan to do their bidding. In the establishment of these men different degrees of skill were recognized, and the system of apprenticeship obtained. A youth entering one of these studio workshops, having passed all the grades, became a "master." To attain this degree was to be worthy of the respect of the world.

ART WORKS IN ANY LENGTH

Method of Getting Things Done Quickly Is Not by Any Means an Idea to Be Called New.

Hurry is not characteristic of the present century alone; our ancestors were not always immune from the habit. The Dutch artist Vanderstraaten was a master in scheming out short cuts and saving time.

Vanderstraaten had little difficulty, it is said, in painting in a day 30 landscapes the size of an ordinary sheet of drawing paper. He would surround himself with pots of paint, each of which had its particular purpose—one for the clouds, one for the grass, one for the shadows. When he was ready to begin painting he called his assistant, "Boy, a cloud!" and the lad speedily brought the desired pot.

Vanderstraaten, with a thick brush, quickly transferred the clouds to the canvas. With the finishing strokes he called, "There are the clouds; bring the grass!" And so it went, without a moment's waste of time, until the 30 landscapes were finished.

On occasions Vanderstraaten would paint in the manner described a landscape upon a long piece of canvas. In filling the orders of customers he would cut the strip into pieces of various lengths. A purchaser could buy two, three or four feet of landscape, according to his fancy or according to the size of the space he wished to decorate.

Pugilism in 1725.

Jack Broughton, the father of pugilism, fought his first fight over 193 years ago; to be exact, it was on July 9, 1725. He was engaged in many rough-and-tumble fights with other lads, but at that time he knew nothing of boxing, which was just being introduced by James Figg. While attending a fair Broughton was attracted by a boxing booth kept by Figg and was much incensed by the foul tactics used by a big man in boxing a much smaller one. He remonstrated with the big bruiser and an altercation ensued which had reached the stage of fisticuffs when Figg interfered and invited the two men to the stage to settle their differences. Young Broughton, after ten desperate rounds, completely triumphed over his older, bigger and more experienced opponent. That was Broughton's introduction to the ring. After Figg's death he became champion and by formulating a code of rules to govern the game he became entitled to rank as the founder of modern pugilism.

Stones of Remarkable Power.

Lovers of the occult will be interested in a story told by Lady Blunt in her remarkable volume of reminiscences.

Her husband was sick unto death in Constantinople, and the Turkish government loaned her two small stones which had been in its possession since the Conquest, telling her to apply them where the pain was most severe.

Lady Blunt used them as directed with the result that the sick man speedily recovered, although four doctors had previously decided on an immediate operation.

"These wonderful stones," adds Lady Blunt, "are found at rare intervals in the veins of a donkey's neck; perhaps only one stone in a million donkeys."

Anger's Poison.

Biologists have proved, by laboratory tests, that anger is a poison in the blood; that a person who loses his temper is actually selfpoisoned. Take a few drops of blood from a man in a violent rage, they tell us; drop them on the tongue of a guinea pig, and it will probably make the little beast sick. Yet we hear people brag, "I gave him a good going over," "I got good and mad," as if one bragged of deliberately contracting a dangerous case of blood poisoning.

DAY HONORED BY WELSHMEN

March the First Known the World Over as Anniversary of the Country's Patron Saint.

The first day of March has long been observed as a special day by the people of Wales and is called St. David's day in honor of the good St. David, patron saint of the Welsh, who lived in the sixth century.

St. David was said to have been the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, Wales, and is accredited with the working of many miracles, especially among the poor of the country. It was said that when the Saint first went into the fields to preach to his followers the ground on which he was standing began to rise until it assumed a goodly height, and [illegible] was his pulpit.

For hundreds of years the Welsh wore sprigs of leek, a plant with broad bladelike leaves and yellow flower clusters, on their hats as a symbol of recognition of the day. This custom was brought about, some say, from the fact that in a battle of the Welsh against their old enemies, the Saxons, St. David had ordered all Welshmen to go into battle wearing their native leek, not only to distinguish them from their enemies, but to bring them good luck.

Other writers argue that the badge was worn more as a fraternal sign and because leek was grown in every Welsh garden and was the favorite vegetable of a true Welshman.

Writers of the last century depict a typical Welsh garden as a garden of onions, garlic and leek. Homely incidents are told of Welshmen assisting each other in farming and eating their leeks together, a ceremony symbolic of hospitality and good fellowship.

NOT ALWAYS PROPERLY SANE

Scientists Assert Few People Have at All Times Full Command of Their Mental Faculties.

Many people think that the expression "temporary insanity" is merely used by a jury wishing to save relatives pain, but numbers of doctors who have made a study of mental disorders emphatically declare it is no idle term.

One doctor has stated that temporary insanity is a condition of double consciousness, not dissimilar to epilepsy. A person normally quite sane may have attacks of temporary aberration lasting little more than a few minutes, especially after long bouts of hard continuous mental work, being particularly liable if insomnia supervenes.

Crimes have been committed in the early morning when the perpetrator has not really been properly awake, and has been horrified to find what he has done. This is a true case of temporary insanity, but it is comparatively rare, and a man in normal health would not suffer in this way.

A specialist in mental diseases has stated that he knew a case in which a person was insane during a certain time of each day, and that others have been known when the patient was quite normal at ordinary times, but suffered from a temporary fit of mania regularly once a month.

Forming Artificial Pearls.

Pearls were valuable as gems in China as early as twenty-two centuries before our era, and the Chinese had worked out a plan for the artificial formation of pearls about 700 years ago, which they have carried on extensively. Large numbers of oysters are collected and the shell gently opened to allow the introduction of various foreign substances which are inserted by means of a forked bamboo stick. These pellets are generally made of prepared mud, but may be bone, brass or wood. The oysters are then placed in shallow ponds connected with canals and are nourished by tubs of night soil thrown in from time to time.

Some time later, from several months to two years, depending upon the size of the gem desired, these oysters are taken out of the shell, the pearls removed and the body of the animal eaten as food. Millions of such pearls are sold annually in China. The most valuable are either round or pear shaped.

Few Old People in New Guinea.

The average duration of life is shorter in New Guinea than in any other country, owing to the peculiar diet of the natives, who devour with gusto the larvae of beetles, dug out of decayed tree trunks, and habitually drink seawater when near the coast. "The people die off at about forty." A. E. Pratt says in his "Two Years Among the Cannibals of New Guinea." "We saw one very old man, who may have been about sixty years of age—the only example of longevity that we came across. He was bent almost double, and had a long, white beard. His fellow tribesmen regarded him as a great curiosity, and brought him to see us. Despite the decrepitude of his body, however, there was no trace of senility; his senses were unimpaired, and the poor old creature showed great gratitude for a gift of tobacco."

Hence the Congestion.

"You have plenty of room in America," said the foreign visitor.

"Oh, yes."

"Then why do you build so many sky-scrapers?"

"I guess that's because the average American thinks he can't transact business unless he's within walking distance of the post office."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WERE MARVELS IN CHILDHOOD

Those Whom the World Has Recognized as Men of Genius Remarkable for Precocity.

One character common to genius and to insanity, especially moral insanity, is precocity. Cesare Lombroso, professor of legal medicine, University of Turin, relates that Dante, when nine years of age, wrote a sonnet to Beatrice; Tasso wrote verses at ten. Pascal and Comte were great thinkers at the ages of thirteen, Fourier at fifteen, Niebuhr at seven, Jonathan Edwards at twelve, Michel Angelo at thirteen, Gassendi, the Little Doctor, at four, Bossuet at twelve, and Voltaire at thirteen, Pico de la Mirandola knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean and Arabic in his childhood; Goethe wrote a story in seven languages when he was scarcely ten; Wieland knew Latin at seven, meditated an epic poem at thirteen, and at sixteen published his poem, "Die Vollkommenste Welt." Schiller was only thirteen when he wrote "Räuber." Victor Hugo composed "Irtamène" at fifteen; Pope wrote his ode to solitude at twelve, and Byron published verses at eighteen. Moore translated "Anacreon" at thirteen. Meyerbeer at five played excellently on the piano. Claude Joseph Vernet drew very well at four, and at twenty was a celebrated painter. At thirteen Wren invented an astronomical instrument, and offered it to his father with a Latin dedication.

Raphael was famous at fourteen. Beethoven composed three sonatas at thirteen. Eichorn, Mozart and Eybler gave concerts at six. Weber was only thirteen when his first opera, "Das Waldmarchen," was presented. Bacon conceived the "Novum Organum" at fifteen. Charles XII manifested his great designs at eighteen.

RIDICULOUS FAD OF FASHION

Description of Head-Dress Worn by Women Some Centuries Ago Appears Almost Incredible.

Fashion plays constant pranks with a woman's hair. Addison says in the Spectator of 1718: "There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's headdress; within my memory I have known it to rise and fall above 30 degrees." In the reign of Henry VI. ladies wore horns, having on each side ears so large that when they would pass through the door of a room it was necessary to turn sideways and stoop. It was judged necessary to enlarge the doors of the Chateau de Vincennes. The correct angle for the hair was 45 from perpendicular, which entailed great strain upon the hair growing from the forehead. Little thought of what we call cleanliness or even decency was present at the hairdressing of that day. Not only was the hair left untouched for a most revoltingly long time, but materials were used in the dressing of the hair and making the rolls (as Anna Green Winslow related), which were most incredible. The Boston Gazette of May, 1771, tells of a young woman driving in Boston streets who was thrown from her carriage and her high tower partly torn off. It proved to be stuffed with yarn, tow, wool, curled hair, and even hay.

Solidified Alcohol.

Solidified alcohol has proved one of the most convenient forms of fuel, and is largely made use of at the present time for many purposes. There are many forms of cookers making use of this fuel, and the latest device of this character is a sterilizing apparatus to be made use of by doctors and nurses. The sterilizer consists of two containers, one to accommodate the instruments to be treated and the other for the gauze, bandages and similar material. A small quantity of water in the lower chamber is heated by the flame from the alcohol and the steam therefrom passes around the instruments, thoroughly cleansing them and then passing to the upper chamber, where it has the same effect on the contents of that compartment. The same principle is made use of in the construction of a food kettle for the use of aeronauts. The food is packed in the interior of the kettle and a small alcohol burner stowed away in the bottom is ignited and the heat from it will keep the food hot for several hours.

Explaining Knockout Blow.

When the lower jaw is struck on its point, especially with an uppercut, the bony portion of the ear inside is driven forcibly upward into the glenoid cavity of the skull, above and behind which is situated the delicate labyrinth of the inner ear.

The jawbone strikes hard upon the thin plate of bone that supports these sensitive organs and gives a shock to the semi-circular canals that is instantly transmitted by them to the bulb, producing dizziness, nausea and momentary paralysis.

This explains why a sideways blow on the jaw is more effective as a knockout than one delivered directly upon the point of the jaw. For the shock of a sideways blow is received in one glenoid cavity, that on the side opposite the one on which it is struck, while the shock of a blow in the center is divided between the cavities on the two sides.

Willie's Joke.

"Pa, what a funny word 'wholesome' is."

"What's funny about it?"

"Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left."—Boston Transcript.

LIFE HOLDS NOTHING BETTER

Men That Has Contentment in His Heart Need Seek No Further for Happiness.

Discontent with his lot in life is the great curse of the man of ordinary estate in this world. To have the things that are beyond his reach consumes him with a ceaseless fire. Such men, as a rule, have enough and to spare; but this does not seem to satisfy them. If they would only determine to be content with what they have they would be happy.

The consequence is that they make a dismal failure of a life that could easily have been a great success as far as their happiness is involved. And, without happiness it were better that a man had not lived at all.

Then we have the man who has all the wealth and power and maybe all the glory that he craves, but who is in constant fear that it will be taken away from him; that he will lose his worldly possessions or fame. [illegible]

Contentment never sleeps under the roof of such a man. [illegible] what good to him is all that he has?

Now, if the man who wants that which is beyond his reach could school himself to be like Paul, "content in whatsoever state" he found himself, he would get things out of life that he never dreamed of. He would sleep soundly and awake in gladness. And if the man who has all the wealth he had craved could school himself to feel that it wouldn't matter if he were to lose it all, he would also sleep soundly and awake in gladness.

Who among us that would wish to go through life and miss the biggest thing there is in life? Well, the least man on earth can have that big thing for his very own simply by a motion of the mind that God gave him when he was born.

The big thing in life—its name is Contentment. It lies at your feet. Take it up and let it warm you.—Utica Globe.

VENICE HAD FIRST THEATER

Buildings Designed Solely for Performances Were Erected in the Italian City in the Year 1629.

The theater proper began in Venice in 1629, when comedy and melodrama, hitherto presented on temporary stages erected in the squares or in the halls of palaces, passed into buildings especially made for that purpose. Pompeo Molmenti, the Italian historian, relates that the earliest genuine musical drama heard in Venice was the Proserpina rapita of Giulio Strozzi, set to music by Claudio Montevarde. From 1637 onward theaters rose so rapidly that by the close of the Seicento they numbered 18 in Venice; some were devoted to comedy, others to music, others again were used indifferently for comedy or melodrama. Almost all the theaters belonged to noblemen who reserved boxes for themselves and took the rent for the buffet. The Council of Ten settled the hour of the performance and the length of time it might take. The advertisements were posted at the piazzetta and at Rialto, while criers went through the town to announce the play and the hour when the house would open.

The Money Cowry.

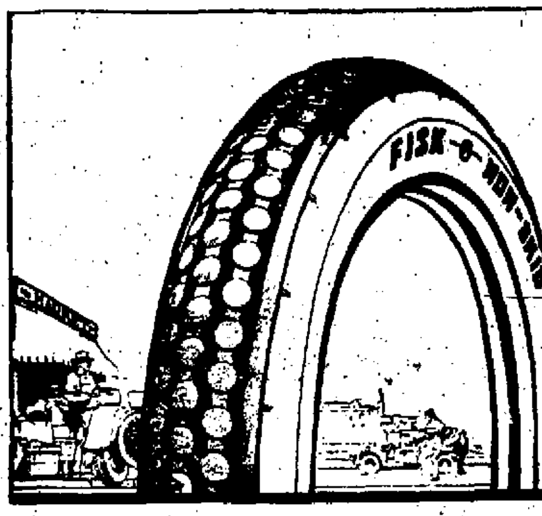
The occurrence of the money cowry in Iceland and England has a curious origin. This species, a native of the tropics, is used as current coin in certain parts of Africa. Some years ago it was very abundant on the coast of Cumberland near the mouth of the Calder river. The specimens are believed to have come from the Glendowra, a vessel wrecked off Seascale in a fog in 1873. She was homeward bound from Manna and carried 60 tons of cowries as part of her cargo. As this means about 70,000,000 shells, it may well be that money cowries will be picked up on our northwestern coasts for many years to come. Those found earlier on the coasts of Down, Ireland, were supposed to have come from a slave ship wrecked in the neighborhood.

South African Timber.

It is not so very long ago that South African timber was, taken all round, considered of little value. Now that imported timber has gone up in the market, many virtues have been discovered in the native timber which previously were unknown. In consequence, South African timber has come to the front, so that it figures prominently in many instances. Sawing timber, such as Cape pine, poplar, yellow wood, blue gum and other varieties, cut into standard deals of 3 by 9 inches, is quoted at 10½ pence to 1 shilling per foot. This timber is used mostly for boxes and packing cases, as well as substitutes in the mines and buildings for the imported Baltic woods.

Russia's Greatest Ruler.

St. Petersburg, the modern capital of Russia, now known as Petrograd, was founded in 1703 by Peter the Great, who died 194 years ago. Peter first built a small hut for himself and a few wooden hovels. The majority of nobles, however, preferred that Moscow should remain the seat of government, but Peter was determined to build a new capital, and in 1714 he laid, with his own hands, the foundation of his palace, which was built of brick. Peter was an extraordinary character and Russia's rise to a great power was entirely due to his genius.



Fisk Tires Going Onto More Cars Every Day

CONDITIONS these days—the larger demands on everybody's purse—are leading motorists everywhere to look more closely into the actual value of automobile tires.

We see it every day. See it in the steadily increasing demand for Fisk Tires.

Fisk Tires give certain very definite features that more and more motorists have come to look for—greater uninterrupted tire mileage, longer life, greater safety under all driving conditions.

As an enlightened motorist you want your tire expense cut down to where it really belongs. Next time—*Buy Fisk.*

FOR SALE BY
SMETHPORT GARAGE CO.

FISK NON-SKID TIRES

[illegible] No. 5891. Reserve District No. 3.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON MAY 12th, 1919.

Resources.

1. a. Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, (excepting those shown in b and c)		370,807.06	
Total loans		370,907.06	
f. Foreign Bills of Exchange or Drafts sold with indorsement of this bank, not shown under item d above (see item 57c)			$370,807.06
2. Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured,	414.28		414.28
a. U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)		100,000.00	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged		10,000.00	110,000.00
g. Premiums on U. S. bonds			
a. Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, unpledged		48,600.00	
d. Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable		2,000.00	50,650.00
f. Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledged to secure postal savings deposits		2,000.00	
e. Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged		49,075.32	
f. Collateral Trust and other notes of corporations issued for not less than ONE YEAR nor more than THREE YEARS time		13,776.98	
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.			[illegible]
9. Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)			3,000.00
a. Value of banking house owned and unencumbered		20,000.00	
c. Equity in banking house			20,000.00
12. Furniture and fixtures			7,200.00
13. Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank			28,[illegible]
15. Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks			33,852.16
17. Exchanges for clearing house			[illegible]
18. Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)			2,[illegible]
Total of items 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18		[illegible]	
20. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer			5,000.00
Interest earned but not collected—approximate—on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due			2,751.12
Total			702,091.89

Liabilities.

24. Capital stock paid in			100,000.00
25. Surplus fund			30,000.00
26. a. Undivided profits		14,193.28	
b. Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		6,964.94	7,228.34
Interest and discount collected or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)			1,426.41
30. Circulating notes outstanding			98,600.00
35. Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding			5,181.75
Total of Items 32, 33, 34 and 35		5,181.75	
Individual deposits subject to check			150,297.90
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 Days (other than for money borrowed)			128,222.30
40. Dividends unpaid			25.30
41. Other demand deposits			6,[illegible]
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41		294,417.84	
44. Postal savings deposits			911.77
45. Other time deposits			164,[illegible]
Total of time deposits subject to Reserve, Items 42, 43, 44, and 45		165,192.14	
War savings certificate and thrift stamp deposit account		3.32	
Other United States deposits, including deposits of U. S. disbursing officers			3.32
Total			702,091.89

State of Pennsylvania,
County of McKean, ss:—

I, E. E. Drake, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. E. DRAKE, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1919.

E. R. MAYO,
Notary Public.

My Commission expires February 6, 1923.

CORRECT ATTEST:
E. A. STUDHOLME
T. F. HUNGIVILLE
F. L. HOLMES,
Directors

McKean County Miner

Thursday, May 29th, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick was a Bradford visitor last Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas Shultz returned Monday from Belmont, N. Y. where they had been guests of Mr. Shultzs' mother since Friday last.

—Mrs. R. H. Rose, of Binghamton, N. Y. is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin and other relatives in Smethport.

—Dudley Keefer, who has been working in the West for several years is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keefer.

—Mrs. Walter Brenneman returned last Thursday from Youngstown, Ohio, where she had been visiting Mrs. John Ruffalo and family for several weeks.

—Mrs. F. J. Nichols and son Donald, were Bradford visitors last week Thursday.

—Miss Carrie Lindholm and Miss Esther Swanson were Eldred business visitors Friday.

—H. J. Rice was in Lock Haven, Pa., last week Friday in attendance at a War Saving Stamps conference.

—The patriotic people of Kane are planning a big Fourth of July celebration. Negotations are pending to engage the Smethport Allied Band for that occasion.

—S. F. Redfield, son Scott F. Jr., and daughter, Janet, left last Thursday for Syracuse, N. Y. They returned home Tuesday accompanied by Mrs. Redfield and two sons, Holland and William who had been in Syracuse for several weeks.

—Curt Witherow went to Bradford last week Wednesday and accompanied Mrs. Witherow home from the hospital where she had been a surgical patient for the past three weeks. She is now getting along in fine shape and her complete recovery is expected soon, which is pleasing news to all.

PORT ALLEGANY

Wool Growers Association Elect Officers—Marriage.

The marriage of William Albert Anderson and Miss Lillian Winterquist took place Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock at the Swedish Lutheran Parsonage. Rev. G. S. Larson officiating. Edith Pearson was bridesmaid, and Harry Anderson, brother of the groom, acted as best man. They left on a honeymoon trip to Buffalo and Erie, and on their return will make their home at their newly purhased residence on Chestnut street. Both are well known and popular young people and have the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends.

The Commencement exercises of the Port Allegany High School will be held Wednesday evening, May twenty eighth at eight o'clock. Following is the program that will be given at Commencement.

Overture .... Miss Vieth
Salutatory, "High School Needs" Rose Asselto.
Prophecy .... Anslem Miller
Mantle Oration .... Floyd Case
Junior Response .... Jennie Caffe
Presentation .... Ruth Case
Class Will .... Elvira Penn
Valedictory, "Our Relationships to Others" .... Ida Fisher
Commencement Address, L. H. Dennis.

A meeting of the McKean County Sheep and Wool Growers Association was held at Eldred last week, at which the following offiers were elected: president, W. R. Yentres; vice president, B. B. Hamilton of Eldred; secretary-treasurer, E. W. Jones of Smethport. It was decided that the members of the association would store their wool at Port Allegany, where it would be inspected and graded and sold to the highest bidder. Due notice will be given of days on which wool will be received.

—Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Fitch and daughter, Mildred were at Sweden Valley, Pa., on Monday to attend a birthday party given by Mrs. William Holt in honor of Mrs. Louisa C. Reed, it being the occasion of her 88th birthday. There were 28 present, including four daughters, three sons, six grand children and six great grand children.

—Frances Hanlon underwent an operation at the Sisters Hospital in Buffalo. She is getting along nicely and expects to be taken home soon.

Charles Holcomb arrived home from overseas Friday and has his honorable discharge.

Lloyd Kirkman has arrived from overseas and has his honorable discharge.

Fred Anderson is dangerously ill with pneumonia.

—Port Allegany Reporter-Argus

BETULA

Harry Duncan was away on a fishing trip a few days last week.

Fred Petruzzi, Art Gallup, Otto Lewis and Raymond Grinolds autoed to Smethport Tuesday night.

Mike McDade of Colegrove was in this place Tuesday.

T. S. Benson of Crosby made a business trip to this place Monday.

[illegible] and Mrs. M. W. Grinolds and family visited relatives at Crosby Sunday.

Jim Kilcoin came over from Instanter Saturday and spent Sunday with Mrs. Palmatier.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rifle Tuesday evening, May 13.

Gennai Di Bacco went to Colegrove Satuday night and purchased a car of Frank Stranburg.

Mrs. Elsie Palmatier visited Mrs. Mart Grinolds Monday afternoon.

Scott Thomas left Tuesday morning for camp at Hampton Roads after spending a thirty day furlough with friends and relatives in this place.

Maurice Rosenbloom and Miss Edith King were united in marriage last Monday, May 19th.

CORYVILLE

Ray Frisbee of Eldred was a recent business visitor in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stull of Olean were week end guests of the formers parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stull.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parker of Columbus hill were over Sunday guests of the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks.

Miss Gladys Parker of Perry N. Y., is a guest of her aunt Mrs. J. F. Rice. Miss Parker who has been visting relatives for several weeks will return home the first of next week.

Zetto Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. George Hibbard and Mrs. Rees motored to Smethport in the former's car last Friday.

Arthur Rice of Rixford was in town Saturday evening and attended grange

Arthur Hibbard and family have moved from the Leonard Webster tenant house into the Parker residence.

Mrs. Jessie Washburn was an Eldred visitor Monday.

Joseph Haines of Sartwell was over to grange Saturday evening.

Mrs. Sarah Gale returned home from a several weeks visit with her granddaughter, Mrs. Elsie Rees and family, who live on the Cory farm.

Saturday, May 17 was the birthday anniversary of Samuel Tash, worthy master of our grange. The members celebrated with a suprise and after the business session and literary program a fine lunch was served. Mrs. Tash did not accompany Mr. Tash to grange but with their guests, his mother, Mrs. Tash of Vineland N. J., and aunt, Mrs. Borton of Jacksonville, Forida wandered in at recess with the lunch all prepared. The birthday cake made by our worthy lecturer, Mrs Leila Walnman and decorated with lighted candles, was brought in by one of the young members, after the lights were lowered and placed on a stand nearly in front of the master's desk. But the master had suddenly disappeared, he was soon found however and took his spanking amid loud cheers, which was applied by one of our husky young grangers. We won't tell just how old our worthy master is, but our organist became very curious and while it was so still you could hear a pin drop he counted the candles to determine his age and there were only twelve. He surely looks older but perhaps that is the reason he lost his grit and hid behind the curtain. Needless to say everybody enjoyed themselves immensly and wishing Mr. Tash many more birthdays repaired to their homes.

GET AN AUTOMOBILE FOR A FEW HOURS WORK

A live energetic man or woman can secure a popular passenger automobile for a few hours work among your friends in evenings, demonstrating and selling automobiles direct from factory. For agency proposition address J. H. Grimes, Factory Representative, Carnegie, Pa. adv. 19w11.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.
adv1tf.

NOTICE

The Olds Rod and Gun Club have posted their lands and have patrolmen on them to enforce the laws.

Olds Rod and Gun Club.

adv15tf

L. J. REZNOR
OPTOMETRIST
In office of Grand Central Hotel Parlor every Wednesday.
Hours from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

NOTICE

The following accounts of administrators, executors and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1919.

First, Final & Distribution Account of R. F. Bloomer, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret J. Bloomer, deceased.

First, Final & Distribution Account of Melvin G. Raub, Guardian of Claudia Harrington, late a minor grandchild of Leonard Harrington, deceased.

First, and Final Account of August Holmberg, Administrator of the Estate of Frederick Anderson, deceased.

First and Final Account of Harry Means, Administrator of the Estate of W. W. Brewer, deceased.

First and Final Account of William E. Burnett, Executor of the last will and Testament of C. Elizabeth Burnett, deceased.

First and Final Account of Margaret Daly, Administratrix of the Estate of Emma Greer, deceased.

First, Final & Partial Distribution Account of James B. Steele, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Rebecca V. Videtto, deceased.

First and Final Account of Sarah Conley, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Conley, deceased.

First and Final Account of Frederick Jenkins, Administrator of the Estate of David H. Keller, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of J. F. Hazlett, Administrator of the Estate of Angie Hazlett, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. E. Burdick, Administrator of the Estate of Romeo Cariffa, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. E. Burdick, Administrator of the Estate of Allesandro Capangoni, deceased.

Final Account of Mary Ann Corwin and Andrew P. Corwin, Administrators of the Estate of Edwin A. Corwin, deceased.

First and Final Account of McKean County Trust Co., Administrator of the Estate of Olive M Lain, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of E. R. Champlin, Administrator of the Estate of George W. Champlin, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register of Wills.

Smethport, Pa.,
May 3, 1919.
adv. 19w4.

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

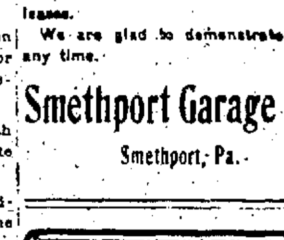
TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream, and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE REXALL STORE)

CHOICE CANDY
AND
BAKED GOODS
AT
BRASTED'S Bakery



Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

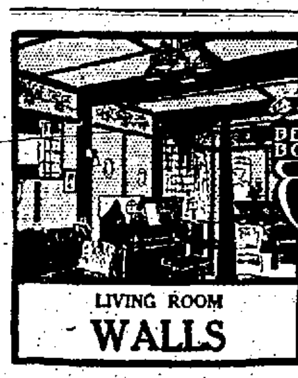
It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

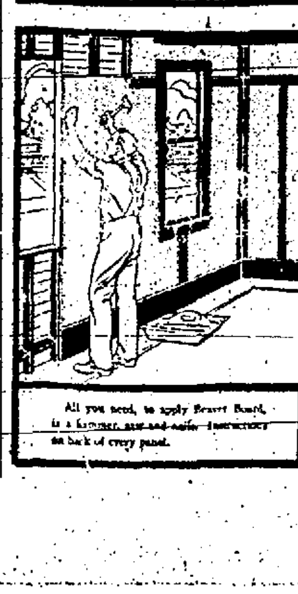
It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.
Smethport, Pa.

Walk a Little Further
or shop by phone and Save Money
Best Groceries
staple - - fancy
W. C. Daly
Mechanic & Mill streets
Phone 92-J





BEAVER BOARD

"How simple," you'll say when you have tried BEAVER BOARD for the first time, whether in a brand new house or an attic bedroom. It is simple because it gives you just what you want in a wall or ceiling, and it's so easy to apply. Beaver Board takes the place of lath, plaster and wallpaper. It makes a handsome, durable, sanitary wall which never chips or falls.

But there is a lot of difference between Beaver Board, the original, and the many so-called wallboards. So it will pay you to get the kind with the Beaver Board trade-mark on the back of every panel. That's the kind we sell.

Ask us about the Beaver Board Companies' Free Design and Decoration service. They will gladly help you plan your walls and ceilings.

Sold by HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport, Pa., as second class matter.

HARRY L. BACKUS
Owner

ROSS K. KNAPP
Editor and Manager

Advertising rates; 15 cents per inch for display advertising. Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. Card of Thanks $1.00 each payable in advance.

Legal advertising 7 1-2 cents per line.

Address: McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

Thursday, May 29th, 1919.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

COUNTY TREASURER

Editor Miner:—

Please announce that I am a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

EUGENE McCANN.

Bradford, Pa., May 9; 1919.

SHERIFF OF McKEAN COUNTY

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

C. C. CHOATE

Smethport, Pa., May, 13, 1919.

RECORDER OF DEEDS

Editor of Miner:

Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on September 17, 1919.

A. R. ANDERSON, Clermont, Pa.

May 2, 1919.

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' COURT.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, to be held September 17, 1919.

JOHN B. EASTMAN

Smethport, Pa., May 19, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate to succeed myself as County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

O. S. GAHAGAN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 5, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissoner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

A. J. BOND

Bradford, Pa., May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissoner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

E. W. JONES.

Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Cammissioner subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries, Wednesday Sept. 17, 1919.

FRANK POTTER

Smethport, Pa. May 7, 1919

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Commissioner of McKean County subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican Primaries on Sept 17 1919.

CHAS. LUNDEN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 6 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

W. H. HALPENNY.

Smethport, Pa., May, 13, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

WILLIAM BOVAIRD, Jr.

Bradford, Pa., May 20, 1919.

The youthful mouthpiece of the Democratic politicians at present in control of the McKean Democrat has made frantic endeavors to attract attention to himself since he came down from Mt. Jewett to revolutionize the news paper business at the county seat. Hitherto his editorial antics, while silly, have been faintly amusing, but last week he overstepped the bounds of comedy and published a tirade of plain, unvarnished lies in a malicious attack upon the editor of the MINER.

As a basis for this unwarranted, entirely unexcusable attack he uses the following editorial from the MINER of May 15:

> Mr. Finch, the scoop editor of the Democrat, can now point with pride at his "exclusive" news item. It has arrived, and now stands uncertainly at the southeast corner of the court house lawn.

He says that this is an insult to the "committee" in charge of the Roll of Honor and an insinuation that "they" haven't the ability to raise the money to pay for it. Furthermore that in the foregoing few lines the editor of this paper insulted the sons and daughters whose names will appear upon the Roll of Honor as well as the citizens in general of the town.

The "committee" did not see fit to inform the MINER at the time of his contemplated action in regard to securing a "memorial" but gave the information to the Democrat as an "exclusive" news item and the boy wonder has since used enough newspaper space blatantly bragging over that fact to pay what the contrivance is worth.

When the MINER'S editorial was written there was not a name upon this so-called Roll of Honor. It was simply a wooden signboard propped up forlornly in the rain and not at all the imposing spectacle that Mr. Finch's grandiloquent press notices had led one to expect.

It is learned from excellent authority that the "committee" himself was disappointed when the "memorial" arrived, and far be it from the intentions of the MINER to insinuate that he cannot raise the money to pay for it. That should be an easy task if price and worth are on a par.

The editor of the MINER in view of these facts good naturedly jollied the editor of the Democrat, who with all his alleged sentimental regard for this so-called memorial, did not mention in his paper the facts that it had arrived and been placed in position, after using yards of newspaper space in bragging about his "exclusive" item and himself.

However, the vile statement that the editor of this paper insulted the people whose names will appear upon this Roll of Honor or the citizens of the town or anyone connected with the subject, is a deliberate lie, published with absolute malice.

This notoriety-seeking youth takes the MINER to task for an alleged lack of interest in the Victory Loan and because this paper didnot adopt somebody or other's suggestion not to tell the truth about the national administration while the campaign was on. As was explained fully and satisfactory to Chairman G. W. Mitchell when the campaign started, this office was not able because of help shortage to devote much time to the campaign. The editor in order to get out the editions had to devote most of his time to the mechanical end of the plant. He did not have time to write much concerning the local situation and no one showed any inclination to furnish him with ready written articles. While on this subject it might be well to state that in a community where each individual is personally solicited to buy bonds about seven eights of the newspaper publicity is superfluous. But with working conditions in such shape that each issue of the paper was made under difficulties this paper devoted at least a page an issue to the Victory Loan.

Concerning the political utterances of this paper, there was no attempt to belittle the importance of the loan as this defamer insinuates. The MINER is a Republican newspaper and as long as freedom of the press is something more than a name it will continue to publish the truth despite requests from dictators of nation, state or county.

In concluding his tirade the boy from Mt. Jewett remarks:

> "It might be possible that Mr. Knapp is taking a few lessons from Senator Borah and a few other Republican mules," who kick at everything Democratic."

The MINER'S editor is proud to be harnessed even in his humble capacity with "Republican mules" of that kind. They are the sort of "mules" that have pulled the United States to its position as the most powerful nation on earth; the sort of "mules" that haul the country out of trouble and into prosperity; the sort of "mules" that have started the ground work of the great job of repairing the damage done by Democratic vanity and ignorance.

* * * *

A movement to allow smoking in British churches has been started in London. The proposal seems to be making headway and it may not be long before men and women may be seen smoking cigars, cigarettes and pipes while listening to a sermon. Right off hand this paper will bet it can name two denominations that will not stand for smoking. However, the idea has its favorable points, one that it would provide the necessary disinfectant to listening comfortably to Billy Sunday's discourses.

* * * *

For many years the MINER has printed the four-page programs used by the McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R. in their Memorial Day observance. On the last page of this folder is printed the list of surviving members of the Post and the printer is quick to observe the saddening feature that each year this page contains fewer names and while his work is lighter his heart is heavier. Not many years ago two columns of small type were necessary to print the list, now a short single column suffices. This year the list contains two names less than last year, J. H. Stull and Harley T. Sawyer having answered the final roll call.

* * * *

"Women are entitled to participate in the affairs of the Republican party on full equalization with men," Republican National Chairman Will H. Hays declared at a notable gathering in Washington Thursday of prominent women, including wives of Republican senators and representatives, held under the auspices of the Republican Women' National Executive committee. Following the speedy passage of the national woman suffrage amendment Wednesday in the Republican-controlled house, the declaration of Hays—the helmsman of the Republican party—was construed as another indication that the cause of votes for women would also triumph soon in the Republican dominated senate.

* * * *

There are many people in this country who, to put it mildly, do not care much what is done to the Negro in the South. Lynching they naturally abhor, but as to disfranchisement, exploitation, denial of educational opportunities they are, to speak plainly, indifferent. They dodge their responsibility by saying they guess if they lived in the South they would do what the Southerners are doing. Their attitude is not to be commended because it really hurts the Negro, but it is intelligible and it is not affirmatively hostile.

But if these people, in a sense, condone the denial, to the Negro, of his constitutional rights, they do not condone hypocrisy in the matter. Specifically, they have no use for protestations of an almost passionate sympathy for oppressed races elsewhere, such as President Wilson has so frequently uttered, when accompanied, as in his case, by a caginess toward the state of the Negro in the South where his electoral votes come from.

In Paris as a journalist, Mr. Du Bois, editor of The Crisis, started a movement for a Pan-African congress. "Impossible," said an officer of the American mission, to whom he applied; "the French government would not permit it. Mr. DuBois took the matter up with the French government, but meanwhile the American denied passports. "The net result," Mr. DuBois writes, "was that Clemenceau, prime minister of France, gave us permission to hold the Pan-African Congress in Paris."

It was held despite the obstructions placed in its way by the Democratic administration. Mr. Wilson can be as humanitarian as any one with regard to the oppressed Jugo-Slav, but he naturally does not want the treatment of the Negroes by the Southern States stirred up abroad—or, for that matter, at home. Altogether, the indignities heaped upon our Negro troops by the army constitutes a shameful chapter in the history of the war.

One does not have to be a Negrophile to feel disgust for the lack of sincerity in the President's talk about the rights of the oppressed, and for the obvious political reason behind his unwillingness to espouse the Japanese demand for racial equality. The Solid South is his political meal ticket.—New Bedford Standard.

* * * *

SHOULD BE RETURNED

Washington, D. C; May 19, 1919.

To The Members of The Senate and House of Representatives:

On midnight July 31, 1918; under the authority of Congress for war purposes, the President took supervision, possession, control and operation of the telephone systems of the country and has since operated them. The war has practically ceased. The public press is strongly demanding, the general public and the owners of the telephone properties are urging, that they be returned as speedily as possible, that former conditions may be restored and more satisfactory service be afforded. The President and the Postmaster-General have announced that this will be done as soon as adequate arrangements be provided for receiving and advantageously operating them. It remains only for Congress to enact such legislation as speedily as possible.

The expenses of these systems have largely increased during the past year, for wages alone at the rate of more than $20,000,000 per anum. This was inevitable and necessary by reason of larger proportional increases by the Railroads and industries of the country. The revenues are inadequate to care for such increases and the deficit of the Government on the account to date is large and steadily increasing. The Post-Master-General ordered that steps be taken to secure adequate revenues, but contentions with the regulatory authorities of the States, not yet settled, have prevented such adjustments.

If such conditions continue, necessarily the credit of the operating companies will be impaired, proper expenses cannot be met, the best operating forces cannot be retained, needed extensions and satisfactory service cannot be provided. A deterioration will ensue which in some localities may threaten a recurrence to public ownership or operation in order to care even inadequately for public needs. By prompt action Congress can prevent this contingency.

Just and speedy settlements should be made for all properties taken under the existing law, that such balances now in the possession of the Government may be restored to assist in the upbuilding and extension of the various systems for better public use. The conditions and regulation of operation should be clearly defined so as to permit the companies to reestablish and maintain a satisfactory service with reasonable rates without discrimination and procure the benefits of legitimate competition. The principle operating companies of the United States are vitally interested in cooperating with Congress and the officials of the Government to accomplish these results.

(Signed) Theo. N. Vail,
President American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

(Signed) G. W. Robinson,
President U. S. Independent Telephone Assn.

* * * *

RED CROSS NOTES

All persons having cots, mattresses and other articles at the Red Cross Rooms please come and claim them by June 1st. Things not claimed by that time will be sold as these things must be disposed of.

If persons will claim their goods the Chapter will see that they are delivered to their homes.

LOST

By John Walker, just returned home from service overseas, a $100 bill Saturday evening between the Pennsylvania station and the Potato Creek bridge. Kindly return to owner and receive reward. 22wadv1

LADIES

We have an unequalled line of ladies shoes for spring wear. If you have not already looked over the styles come in.

Shoes for the Whole Family here
WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

WAIT A SECOND ! !

Look here. Here we are offering you beans and rice cheaper than ever. All put up in 2 lb. bags so come early and get yours.

Note the following prices

2 lb. Navy Beans — 21c
2 lb. Kidney " — 25c
2 lb. Lima " — 29c
2 lb. Broken Rice — 21c
2 lb. Fancy Blue Rose 29c

Larger supply of fancy Olives just arrived also of jellies, preserves and pickles.

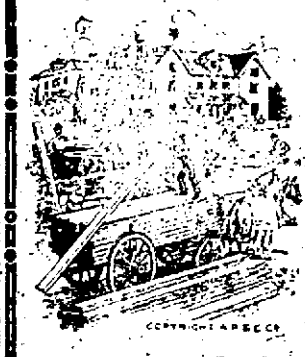
The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER



AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build,—at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to reef.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice and Fruit.

Tim Pine

a glass of Tim Pine fine before bed-time or any other time.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS
Drug Store.

The Miner $2 Per Year

THE NEW SILK POPLIN

1 yd. wide, a very fine substitute for the pure silk Poplin at one third the price, in a beautiful line of colors.

85c yd.

MERCERIRED BATISTE

for underwear

32 to 45 in. wide—35c to 50c per yd.

in all popular colors--Pink Flesh Maize Lavender--Special Laces, Ribbons etc for making underwear--be sure and see these extras.

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

PICK UP SALE

Saturday, May 31st.

We have been going over our stock and picking out shop worn articles and articles that are slightly damaged on which we offer you exceptional bargains. A few items listed below but there are many others which we do not have space to list.

One Washing Machine, Shopworn	$5.00
One $2 50 Galv. Wash Tub, Resodered,	2.00
One 2.00 " " " "	1.00
Six 1.25 Wooden Wash Tubs, New,	.75
Three Copper Bottom Boilers, resoldered, Reg. $3.50,	2.25
Four All Tin Boilers Reg 1.50 value,	.75
One Hvy. Garbage Pail Reg. 2 85 value,	2.00
One " " " 2 15 "	1.60
Three Hvy. Tin Strainer Pails 1.95 "	1.50
Two Sets Market Spring Scales (New) $5 val.	3.00
Two Sets Ratchet Socket Wrenches for 1/4 to 1 1/8" Hex. Nuts (New) $6 value,	3.50

These will be in our window on Friday morning, but come inside and examine them. You will be sure to find something you want.

"The Corner Hardware."

B. T. GARLICK

OUR FRIENDS

WE WISH TO SEE OUR FRIENDS successful and prosperous. Feel at liberty to call upon us at any time if we can be of service to you.

Feel at liberty, also, to ask our advice on any financial matters that may concern or perplex you.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

Spray Your Fruit with PYROX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Pyrox protects your orchard against the ravages of both insects and fungus, and makes it possible for you to grow marketable fruit and lots of it.

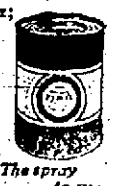
There is nothing complicated about its use; it is an insecticide and fungicide combined, and when applied, rapidly dries, forming a covering unaffected by even the heaviest rains.

The time to Spray

Ask any orchardist what he thinks of Pyrox; then call and get a copy of our new and interesting booklet.

We sell Pyrox because we know what it will do—any quantity you want in small drums, kegs or barrels.

Remember—use Pyrox for Fruit and Potatoes.



The spray to use

C. W. MASSER

McKean County Miner

Thursday, May 29th, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—C. H. Gleason is suffering with a broken rib.

—The Hamlin Bank has a new advertisement to-day.

—See the interesting advertisement of the Grange National Bank.

—Mrs. M. O'Brien is confined to her home on South street suffering with a severe cold.

—Mrs. F. L. Holmes and Miss Ruth Holmes were Bradford visitor Monday.

—A new serial story "The Dice of Destiny," of thrilling interest starts in the MINER today.

Hugh Abbey has received his honorable discharge and returned to his home in East Smethport.

—See Wiant's new advertisement today. Watches is the subject and very reasonable prices are quoted.

—George McCabe has received his honorable discharge and is now visiting his many friends in Smethport.

—If you need glasses don't put off getting them. See Dr. J. M. Wiant's advertisement for further particulars.

—Rodney Roeder of Atwater, Ohio was visiting his mother, Mrs. J. B. Roeder at Farmers Valley last week.

—Henry Rice attended a meeting of War Saving Stamps county chairmen at Lock Haven last week.

—Edwin Irons, son of George Irons has returned from overseas and is now at the home of his father in Keating Township.

—On May 6th. Dr. Robert Hamilton received his commission as Major at the Base Hospital No. 103, Dijon, France.

—Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo, N. Y., is a guest of her sisters, Miss Nettie Dunthy and Mrs. Chas. Curtis

—Mrs. C. B. Dickinson and little son, Halstead, are visiting Mrs. Dickinson's parents at her former home in Paris, Ontario, Canada.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, at their home on Hilton Avenue, Friday May 23, 1919, twins, a son and a daughter.

—All Odd Fellows are requested to be at I. O. O. F. Hall at 1 P. M. Friday May 30, to take part in Memorial Day parade.

—Miss Harriett Fraley returned to her home in Buffalo, N. Y. after a few days visit with Miss Octavia Raymer and other friends in this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Kinley of Corry Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hungerville Thursday and Friday last week.

The Bradford Modern Woodmen of America will hold a carnival next week that will be a great big joy occasion. Good-time-seekers take notice.

—Miss Carrie Lindholm entertained the K. B. C. club at her home on Main street last Thursday evening. Refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening spent by all.

—The Ladies Aid Society "Dorcas" of the Swedish Mission church will meet next Wednesday, June 4 at 2:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. John Carlson.

—Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly received a message from their son, Scott Connolly, informing them of his safe arrival in Boston, Mass., from overseas.

—Mrs. J. S. McCarthy went to St. Marys Monday evening where she is attending the State convention of the Daughters of Isabella as a delegate from this place.

—Frank Barbour has returned from overseas and has received his honorable discharge and is now visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Barbour here.

—A number of eighth grade pupils from the district schools took the grammar school examinations directed by Supt. Lillibridge in Smethport Saturday.

—The Misses Lois and Hazel Green entertained the Cononaha Camp Fire girls and their guardian, Miss Carrie A. Day, at their home on King street Tuesday evening.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet at the Baptist Church instead of at Mrs. Worcester's, Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Flower Mission Day. Everybody invited.

—Robert Hull arrived home Saturday evening having been honorably discharged from the Navy and is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hull and family.

—Sheridan Gorton who has been confined to his home on King street for the past two weeks by illness does not improve as fast as his hosts of friends hope.

—Dr. Alvie R. Livermore, dentist, who recently returned from service overseas, has opened an office in the Odd Fellows building in the rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Eberly. Dr. Livermore comes from Mercer, Pa., and will leave tomorrow for that place to finish preparation for moving here. His wife and child will return with him and they will reside in F. W. Workey's dwelling on East King street.

—See statement of the Grange National Bank in another column of today's issue.

—Your attention is directed to the new advertisement of the Gates Half Sole Tire Service Station, 115 East Main street, just a short distance from Wright House. This is a great opportunity to save money on your tire bill.

—Dr. C. R. Long who is a patient in the Homepathic hospital in Buffalo, where he underwent an operation for double hernia last Thursday, is getting along in fine shape which is pleasing news to all.

—A ribbon social was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Hector Saturday evening and was well attended. The sum of $22 was realized for the K. B. C. society of the Swedish Lutheran church.

The summer dances at Galco Park under the management of J. V. Gallup will be resumed this season after a year's postponement on account of the war. The first of the series will occur next Wednesday evening, June 4. Good music will be in attendance. Tickets $1.00 each, which includes war tax.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Taylor entertained 21 of the boys from overseas Monday evening at a six o'clock dinner. The table was most appropriately decorated with flags and the national colors in other pleasing arrangements. The soldiers heartily enjoyed the occasion.

H. Edson who has been stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia for several months was in town a few days this week, leaving Tuesday for Instanter, Pa; to pack his household goods preparing to leave for a new field of labor which at present is not determined.

—County Auditor J. Emory Abbott died Sunday afternoon at his home in Bradford after a long illness from a complication of ailments. He was 44 years old and spent his entire life in Bradford, having been a son of James Polk Abbott, one of the pioneers of that city. Surviving are his mother, Mrs. S. J. Smith, one brother, William Abbott and one sister, Mrs. M. L. Dougherty of Bradford.

—The large tract of land including the course of Colegrove brook is to be posted against trespassers. The tract belongs to the N. W. Heinemann estate and was one of the few good trout streams in this section which was open to the public. However, that element of the public that takes delight in destruction, could not resist wrecking the camps along the brook and otherwise damaging property so the tract will be posted and patrolled.

—The Smethport Allied Band after trying for three successive weeks to give a Saturday night concert, which on each occasion had to be postponed on account of rain, took advantage of the agreeable weather Sunday afternoon and gave a concert at the corner of Main and Fulton streets. The band has recently added to its instumentation two new mellophones and they are beautiful instruments of which their players are proud.

—Jas. T. Chisholm was in town Saturday for the purpose of overseeing the loading of his household goods and took his family to their new home in Bradford, where Mr. Chisholm devotes most of his time to music, playing with bands and orchestras in that city. He reports encouraging prosperity. Smethport regrets to lose Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm and their children but extends best wishes for their happiness in their Bradford home.

FOR

MEN ONLY

Are 75c, 50c or 25c

Worth Saving?

we offer you an opportunity to save that much this week.

KHAKI PANTS

at $1.75

worth $2.00 2.25 & 2.50 These are the best workingmen's made.

Wm. Monheimer

Smethport

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Shirts

The Fry Company

Smethport, Penna.

"WARNER'S RUST PROOF" CORSETS

The many friends of WARNERS CORSETS will be glad to know that we have added these popular corsets to our line - four of the latest models are now at home in our corset department ready for old friends and eager to demonstrate to strangers their many superior qualities. Try a "Warner" next time. Prices—1.50 2.00 2.50 and 3 00.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS

It has become necessary for us to make a slight change in our credit system—All charge accounts are are due and payable on or before 10th of the month following purchase. If not paid by the 10th of the second month following purchase one half per cent (interest at rate of 6 per cent annum) will be charged to the account on the 11th of that month and a like charge will be made on the 11th of each succeeding month until settlement is effected.

Store Closed To-morrow, Memorial Day.

A Little Word

Did you ever think of the significance of the word "savings?" It means more than just money put in the bank at 3 per cent interest.

At times of adversity it saves from the humiliation of seeking aid or charity, or facing clamoring debt. When opportunity comes for the investment that may mean everything in your life — it is "Savings" that turns the trick.

It's a little word with a big meaning. We pay 3 per cent on savings.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pennsylvania

WATCHES FOR ALL

SEE OUR LINE OF--

Ladies Wrist Watches, Elgin or Waltham movements from 28.00 to 45.00.

Gents, open face, 20 year, gold filled case, Waltham, Elgin and Hamilton movements from 18.00 up.

Gents, wrist watches 15.00 to 25.00

J. M. Wiant - Jeweler and Optometrist

The House of Quality - - - - - - - - Smethport, Pa.

—Pleasant callers at the MINER office Monday were Mrs. Martin Doubles of Crosby, and Mrs. Herbert Smith and little daughter Peggy Eileen, who landed in this country May 5th from Wolverhampton, England. Mrs. Smith is the English girl who married Herbert Smith, the daring young Crosby soldier whose exploits during the war have been related with considerable detail in previous issues of the MINER. Mrs. Smith is a charming young woman and Herbert is to be congratulated on securing such a bride. He is expected home within a few days.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev Guy L. Margeson, Pastor.

Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 8 p. m. Sunday Services are as follows: Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Preaching service, 11:00 a. m. Subject "God's Secret Things". Preaching Service, 7:30 p. m., "Parable of the Tares." Advisory Board meeting Monday evening, 8 p. m.

Strangers are always welcome to these services. The interest is growing and are you willing to do your part?

SWEDISH MISSION CHURCH

Rev. Emil G. Winstedt, pastor

Sunday services: morning service, 10:30 a. m. Sunday School 12:00 a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Rev. and Mrs. O. A. Dahlgren, for many years missionaries to India, will be here next Sunday and speak at both the morning and evening service. At the evening service Mrs. Dahlgren will be dressed in a Hindu costume and tell all about the "Women in India" and Mr. Dahlgren will speak about the conditions in India at present time. He will speak in English at the evening service. Special singing will be rendered.

VICTORY LOAN FLAG

Smethport has thrown its Victory Loan Flag to the breezes as a mark of having furnished its quota and as a matter of fact more than its quota. The flag is presented to the district which includes Keating, Norwich and Sargeant townships as well as the borough. Chairman G. W. Mitchell and his helpers can take pride in the emblem that floats over Main street.

It is a shame that the government does not furnish a fitting banner for the districts that over-subscribed their quotas in the five loans, but this would be rather too much to expect from the present administration in Washington, which seems to believe only in its glorification. However this district can take a pardonable pride in its record throughout the five campaigns, in each and every instance the quotation was over subscribed by a comfortable margin.

Dr. Alvie R. Livermore

Dentist

I. O. O. F. Building, Smethport, Pa.

Office Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Evenings and Sundays by appointment. Bell Phone 71-J.

Dice of Destiny

by Jackson Gregory

COPYRIGHT

CHAPTER I.

An Error Rectified.

Pedro, the mestizo, having lighted the wax tapers in the massive candlesticks, having placed bottle and glasses upon the great mahogany table, tobacco and papers upon the small mahogany table, withdrew silently, as was his way, swiftly, as was his training.

His old master, Senor don Antonio de la Guerra, looking as genuinely antique in his old-fashioned black coat, small, high-heeled boots and curled white hair and mustache as any article of the antique furniture in the vast drawing room of the hacienda, turned his lively black eyes upon his guest.

"You will forgive the rudeness of an old man, Senor Dempton," he said softly, his English perfect, his utterance still the honeyed speech of Castile, "but may I ask you to understand that I know nothing of what you Americanos call business? And that I have no wish to learn? That is why I place these matters in the hands of an attorney." He bowed after the way of the old school, and ended, smiling, "In the hands of a thoroughly competent attorney, senor."

Dempton, a little man with a restless nervous manner and eyes like a rat's, shifted in his chair, cleared his throat and thanked his patron, looking pleased on the whole.

"This is a very important matter, Mr. de la Guerra," he offered, a trifle hesitantly and with keen eyes upon his host.

"To be sure," the old man cut in impatiently, though with no lessening of the courtesy of his speech. "A will is always important."

He leaned forward, poured himself a glass of the red southern wine, lifted it so that the still candle flames shone in it brightly, and drank slowly.

Already Dempton had been asked to drink, as he was always asked when he came to the Rancho de la Guerra; already he had refused, as he always refused.

The old man set down his glass and took tobacco and fine white paper from the tray upon the smaller table, his steady, slim white hands making the cigarette swiftly.

"You say, Senor Dempton," he said when he had lighted a paper lighter at the nearest candlestick, "that you have found a flaw in the original will."

"[illegible]," Dempton spoke hurriedly [illegible] on very much after the manner of a schoolboy who has gotten his lesson by heart and wants to "say" it before he forgets.

"Only a small matter—a technical error which might never be noticed. And yet there is a risk—there is danger that the will might eventually be set aside; because of it that your desires might come to naught; in a word, that the Senorita Teresa, whom you wish to make your sole legatee, might never come into the fortune you have willed to her. I have thought it best, sir, to draw up a new document."

"You have done so?" inquired the old Spaniard, his eyes musingly upon the thin wisp of smoke from the cigarette.

"Yes." Dempton slipped a red hand into his breast pocket. "If you will read it and sign it, sir—if we can get the matter settled right away, destroying the original documents—"

"The details, Senor Dempton, I trust I may leave with you." De la Guerra waved a white hand gracefully. "You have attended to my business for [illegible] seventeen years now, and I have never found cause for criticism."

"You do not even care to have me go into detail concerning the flaw which I allowed to creep in?"

Dempton had leaned forward a little in his chair, his eager eyes upon the other's. De la Guerra laughed softly and shook his head.

"You would force me to appear stupid." He put his hand upon the bell cord hanging from the edge of the big table and a bell tinkled from beyond the door. "Let me have the papers you wish me to sign."

Pedro brought pen and ink, retreated upon another errand, and once more returned, bringing with him two of the other servants about the great adobe house to witness the signature.

The old man looked at the new will carelessly and signed carelessly, asking merely if the will were in all essentials the same as the original one.

The servants withdrew with their master's thanks and loose silver, and De la Guerra, returning to Dempton one copy of the paper which was intended after his death to dispose of the hacienda, a great range heavily stocked and an indefinite sum in gold and silver, folded the other and placed it upon the shining table top.

"I shall read it [illegible]," he said lightly. "You know that I do not read after the candles are lighted, senor."

Dempton, his errand done, was already upon his feet, his eyes roving for the hat which Pedro had taken from him a few minutes ago.

"But," cried De la Guerra, "you are not going back tonight, senor? Surely you would not think of putting my hospitality so to shame! You must spend the night with us."

Dempton's eye had found his hat and he speedily crossed the room to take it up.

"Thank you, Mr. de la Guerra," he

"Thank You, Mr. de la Guerra."

said hastily. "But I must return to La Panza immediately."

He managed a bow with a poor trial at the Spaniard's dignified grace, put out his hand quickly as though to have the farewells over and done with, and retreated to the door which gave passageway through the three-foot adobe walls from the drawing room to the patio.

De la Guerra looked at him with a curious smile.

"You are [illegible], you Americanos," he said softly. "You will insist on riding a dozen miles through the dark when there is a warm bed and bright candle light inviting you to stay. Your business may be urgent, Mr. Dempton, to take you out tonight alone. Your ride is not without danger, and—"

He put his hand again to the bell cord.

"At least, if you insist, you must allow me to send some of my vaqueros with you."

"No, no!" cried Dempton, already at the door. "It is unnecessary, Mr. de la Guerra. There is no danger."

"As you will." Senor don Antonio spread out his white hands and lifted his shoulders slightly. "But you must remember that we are only half a mile from the border, and that those rascally Mexicans are a thieving, treacherous lot.

"I have already given orders to close-herd my steers, and yet Gaucho, my foreman, reported to me this morning that the rebels had crossed over and had driven off half a dozen cows for me."

Again he spread out his hands and lifted his shoulders.

"In the daylight it is one thing—after dark it is another. I should be glad to send some of my vaqueros with you, senor."

Still Dempton protested. There was a moon, his way ran across a wide open level land, and the rebels were not looking for complications with Uncle Sam.

De la Guerra, too courteous a host to insist, smiled gravely, rose and went into the patio with the lawyer, directing Pedro to have Mr. Dempton's horse brought up from the stables.

"Miss Teresa, I did not see her," Dempton remembered to say from the saddle. "She is well, I hope?"

"Very well, thank you, senor. I shall tell her that you inquired. And it was kind of you to take this long ride to tell me about the mistake in the will."

"Good night, Mr. de la Guerra."

"Buenas noches, senor."

And Lawyer Dempton, his horse's mane and tail flying, was on his way through the moonlight night, and the old man, leaving Pedro to close the door after him, had come back to his chair and wine and cigarettes.

"Los Americanos," he muttered when he was alone again, "they are all alike. You cannot trust them. That Dempton has the eyes of a rat, the face of a liar, the manner of a convict. Americanos on the one hand, Mexicanos on the other! Sangre de Dios! I must take Teresita away from them. Pedro!"

"Si, senor."

"Where is the senorita?"

"In her rooms, I think, senor."

"Bueno. Convey to her my affectionate compliments, and tell her that I shall be for the half-hour adding a certain note to my American memoirs. After that I shall be pleased if she will come to me."

"Si, senor." Swift and silent, Pedro went upon his errand.

Senor don Antonio de la Guerra, pushing the will to one side, drew a thick manuscript from the table drawer, and, writing in a fine, scholarly hand, began to add certain highly insulting commentaries to the chapter dealing with the vitriolic description of the character of "Los Americanos." (The book he planned to print in Spain.)

Meantime the Senorita Teresa de la Guerra, his demure granddaughter, was not in her room but upon her little rose-twined balcony, and the moonlight, bright about her, was not more bright than the laughing eyes she turned downward toward the adoring face of an Americano!

CHAPTER II.

Abduction.

The hacienda where Antonio de la Guerra had lived for the fifty-odd years of his exile from his beloved Spain, where his granddaughter had been born and reared, was one of the landmarks which linger on in stately white walls under dark red tiles from the time of the Spanish occupation.

The old Spaniard was overlord of what had once been a grant from his grandfather's king, the boundaries carelessly marked in leagues instead of miles.

He bred cattle and fine horses, intrusted Gaucho Morales, his foreman, with the business details, and yet managed, so large and fertile was his empire, to go on from year to year swelling his wealth.

The wide-verandaed house with none of its walls less than three feet thick, with great, spacious rooms, spread out across a wide extent of the shaded land among the olive and pear and pepper trees. In the time of the father of Antonio de la Guerra there had been fourteen rooms—now there were twenty. No less could suffice for the master of the estate and his cherished granddaughter.

There was the patio with its flowering garden and leaping fountain. About it were the rooms, all on the ground floor with the exception of the three rooms added by the old man for the use of la senorita.

Here at the southeastern exposure of the rambling dwelling, a wide and winding staircase had been constructed to lead upward to a spacious landing.

Then came broad doors, a deep window, and beyond the senorita's private sitting room. Her bedroom was high-ceiled, with much ornate embellishment after the Moorish fashion, and a lavish display of gilt under the domed roof.

Upon the landing a couch where each night Pedro lay across his mistress' doorway.

And then the balcony.

Teresa must pick up her skirts daintily to step out through the deep windows to it from her bedroom, and once there she was all but lost behind the bank of flowering roses, swallowed by a dim dusk through which the moon had difficulty in filtering, lapped in the perfume of the flowers which clung about the balcony in the warm June night.

And from here, while her scholarly grandfather annotated his remarks concerning the hated Americano, Teresa leaned out, her beauty as soft and delicate a thing as that of the rose brushing her cheek, and talked with one particular Americano.

"Make me some pretty speeches, Senor Billy," she laughed softly. "They float up to me here through the moonlight like the perfume from red roses!"

She had drawn her mantilla closely about her for no other reason in the world but to tantalize the man below her by hiding herself from him, and there was only her voice and the vague outline of her young body through the vines to tell him that she was there.

But to her his face, uplifted in the moonlight, flushed and eager, was unhidden.

"You are a flirt!" he cried, seeking to make his voice savage and angry, and succeeding admirably in filling it with adoration.

"But no," she answered him from the dusk about her. "That is to be cruel. And I—I am so soft-hearted that to make one suffer would distress me."

"If you roll your r's at me like that again," Stanway told her very positively, "I am going right in and tell the old gentleman that I am going to marry you!"

She laughed gayly at his impetuous declaration.

"It would be like a play," she said after a little as though she were thinking seriously of what he had said he would do. "It would interest me to see. Papa grande would be very polite and would ask Senor Billy to have a glass of wine and a cigarita.

"And then"—the laughter welling up again in the eyes he could not see, trilling in the voice which dropped down to him—"he would call Pedro and old Juan to take you outside and shoot you with their guns!"

"And you find that funny?" demanded Stanway.

"Is it not? It is like the opera!"

"You are dying for an operatic scene?" His voice still rang with the eagerness within him, his hand was upon the vines which clambered about her balcony. "Let me climb up to you—"

"You must not!" she cried quickly.

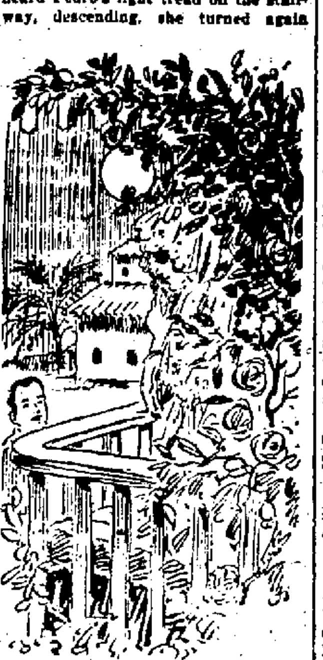
And then, seeing that he hesitated she added lightly, again settling herself comfortably upon her cushioned seat, "That would be only musical comedy. And I should have to go inside and shut my window and run downstairs to papa grande. And—Sh!"

He could make out the gesture as she laid her fingers across her red lips, could see that she turned toward the open window behind her.

"Quien es?" she called carelessly.

"Yo, Pedro," came Pedro's answering voice. "Senor Dempton has gone. The master says that in half an hour he will be glad to see the Senorita Teresa."

"Bueno," she answered lightly. "I hear, Pedro." And then when she also heard Pedro's light tread on the stairway, descending, she turned again



"I Must Go," She Said Softly.

toward the man below her. "I must go," she said softly. "Papa grande wishes me."

"Not for half an hour," he said quickly. "I heard that."

"But," as though she were hesitating, "I should go now. It is very unmaidenly of me to be here with you. If I had known that you were coming I should certainly not have come out to look at my stars."

"You are a little humbug, Teresita," he laughed at her. "You did know that I would be here, and you were glad of it, and you came out just to see me."

"To see you?" And he could imagine the arching of the brows above her great eyes.

"And to tease me? But look here—"

"I am looking, senor. Mama mia, but you are handsome in the moonlight. More so than by day!"

"I did not come here tonight to make you pretty speeches," said Stanway stubbornly after his way. "I came to tell you—"

"Yes?" expectantly. She clasped her hands and leaned a little farther out over him, allowing him a glimpse of her laughing face, of white arms and throat from which the mantilla was slipping.

"That I love you—"

"Oh!" She seemed to lose interest, but again her face was hidden.

"And that I actually and positively mean what I say when I tell you that I am going to marry you."

He could not see the flush which crept into her cheeks, nor the light in her eyes, but went on swiftly, unguardedly, his voice almost stern with the emotion upon him:

"The border is unsafe. Mexico is going to be torn to pieces this time before temporary truce comes again. You need someone to take care of you."

"You forget papa grande," she reminded him gayly. "You seem to have a habit of forgetting him."

"Your grandfather," he said in the same quiet tone, "is not the man to protect you now, for three very good reasons. He is too near the border and too rich to go unmolested by the rebel bands, who have already made more than one raid into American territory under cover of night.

"And he is too Spanish. He was born in Spain—his father kept him there until he was of age. He is a Spanish and not an American citizen."

"How kind and thoughtful you are, Senor Stanway," she mocked him. "Do you find it necessary, every time you come across a young woman who needs protection, to marry her?"

His mood did not soften with hers this time. In Billy Stanway's own words, "he meant business."

"Your grandfather has already lost cattle to the raiders," he told her. "It is known all over this end of the state that he is his own banker—that he always has a large amount of gold and silver in the house.

"Some night he is going to be called upon for something more than just cows to feed the hungry rebels. And then—"

"Then I should be protected?" she murmured demurely. "I should be married to an American whose mighty nation is feared by the Mexicans? [illegible] Does Senor [illegible] Dempton, Eduardo [illegible] Spaniard, of [illegible] senor. And he is a naturalized American citizen. He—"

"Is a d——d young puppy!" snapped Stanway irritably.

"With us," said Miss Teresa stiffly, "one does not swear in the presence of a lady. Nor does he insult her through her kinsmen."

"I beg pardon—honestly I do, Teresita," Stanway hastened to say. "But you shouldn't mention the young reprobate's name if you don't want me to swear, and you know it. Now I'm coming up—"

His hand was again among the vines seeking a hold somewhere and being mocked by the smooth adobe wall. Teresa de la Guerra, alarmed, was upon her feet protesting. And then:

"Sh!" she called down to him. "It is papa grande. I heard him call. Another time, Senor Billy. Some other night—maybe tomorrow, who knows—and I shall steal out for a little walk with you. I must go now. Buenas noches, Senor Billy."

It was softly said, and there was the caress of the soft southern speech.

"I am coming, too," he called up to her. And she knew that he meant what he said. "I shall come around to the patio and so to the front door. I am going to talk with your grandfather tonight, Teresa mine!"

A laugh floated out and down to him, a rose fell, striking against his cheek, there was the glimmer and flutter of a mantilla among the vines, and the girl had stepped back through the window, closing it behind her.

She stood a moment, hesitant, her cheek a little pale. Then the thought that even now Stanway was on his way around the great house to the patio drove her in haste first to her mirror and the rearranging of her hair the rose vine had disturbed; then to a quick descent of the broad stairway to the main floor.

The utter stillness of the drawing room smote her as she entered. The candles were like shimmering ghosts.

De la Guerra was not in the room. Immediately she was dimly conscious of an unreasonable sense of uneasiness, even before she had the vaguest reason for it.

And then the reason asserted itself. A chair lay overthrown, a little way from the chair a rug was crumpled and thrown back, the ink bottle which had been upon the table lay upon the floor.

As her eyes saw, her brain understood.

And as she stared, before her voice had found its way to her lips, she heard a sharp knocking at the front door.

She ran to it swiftly, threw it wide and whispered fearfully:

"Senor Billy, I am frightened. Look!"

He looked the way her pointing finger went, a moment in frowning failure to comprehend, then in sudden black anger.

"You mean—" he cried sharply.

"Yes," she whispered, clinging to his arm. "A moment ago I heard him call out. I—I was talking with you and did not heed, but there was anger in his voice. I came down and—look, he is gone! There was a struggle—see the chair thrown down, the rug, the ink spilled there!"

Stanway left her side, striding abruptly to where the bottle lay.

There was a dark smear on the carpet near it. He leaned over it, stooping, seeing the candles reflected from the dark surface.

And his face, too, was very white as he straightened up, drawing a deep breath between his teeth.

He managed to stand between the girl and the dark smear.

"Get Pedro," he commanded sharply. "Have him call the servants, the vaqueros, every man of them. Have them come armed."

The girl turned and ran swiftly through the great rooms, down the long hallway to do his bidding, a sharp fear clutching her heart. Stanway, when she had gone, stepped quickly across the room, snatched up a rug there and threw it down upon the carpet, covering the dark spot near the bottle.

Then he stood still, waiting.

As he waited there came to him from the silence without a faint drumming sound, the noise of horses' hoofs in a mad tattoo of flight through the night.

"The rebels," he muttered angrily. "They are taking what is left of him back across the border."

He ran to the window. The curtain there was torn. Moonlight and candle light showed him where wood and plaster were scratched as in a hurried exit.

Then Teresa had come back to him, her great eyes wide with alarm, and the servants were already trooping in, sleepy-eyed and mystified.

CHAPTER III.

Eduardo Ramon Torre.

Their master was not here; their young mistress' eyes were turned with intent eagerness upon the young American owner of the Painted Rock range, and so the servants, each of them, turned to Stanway expectantly.

Stanway waited in silence a moment until a new set of faces in the doorway, darker, sun-kissed, bearded faces, told him that the vaqueros had risen to Pedro's clamorous call.

Then he spoke to them all, swiftly, with rising emphasis, calling upon them by name, addressing them in mixed Spanish and English, taking the word which came first to him that they would grasp.

"Gaucho," he called as a very tall, sinewy, Arab-looking man pushed his way through the cluttered door. "Tus vaqueros have work to do tonight. Are they all here—todos?"

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"No, senor," he answered simply. "Los otros comin' muy queek."

"Listen, then, while they come," ran on Stanway. "It is the Mexicans, I think, who have taken your master. There was the noise of caballos running back toward the border. They are not ten minutes ahead. How many? Quien sabe, Gaucho? Probably just a band of raiders, not many. How many men, with rifles, can you get to horse pronto?"

"Twenty-five," replied Gaucho promptly.

"Good," cried Stanway. "Take twenty men with you; send the other five to the house. Pronto, Gaucho."

Gaucho turned and ran, calling to his vaquero, as he went.

"Pedro," called Stanway to the chief of the house servants.

"Aqui, senor."

"Have the doors and windows shut, the shutters locked. When Gaucho sends the five men put one of them upon the se[illegible] balcony, the others at the windows, especially the south windows, Pedro. Then put out all the candles and be silent, all of you.

"No one goes to bed again tonight. Each one, man and woman, find a gun of some sort. I do not think that there is danger, but remember that the border is just there, remember that they have taken the good senor from you, remember that we are leaving the senorita in your protection."

He spoke swiftly and turned to follow Gaucho out into the dark. Teresa, who had been watching him in silence, came to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"Senor Billy," she whispered. "You are going with Gaucho and the rest?"

"Yes," he answered shortly. "You are safe here; they do not dare an open attack in United States territory. And no doubt we shall be back before morning."

"What have they done with him?" she was asking, trying to speak steadily. "What do you think—did they—"

She broke off. He could see her lips trembling. One of the Indian women, through habit beginning to tidy the room, moved the rug Stanway had placed by the table, discovered the stain, went down on her hands and knees, and then rose with a shriek.

"Sangre!" she cried. "Jesus Maria! 'Sta muerto! He is dead. They have killed him. The beloved senor, who was so good—"

Stanway strode back to her, taking her by the shoulders and commanding her to stop her noise and go help Pedro lock the doors and windows. But Teresa had heard; they had all heard.

She stood very still then, looking tall and slender and white.

"Go to the doors and windows as the American senor commands," she said steadily. "Leave no light to show that anyone is awake. Do whatever Pedro tells you to do, in swiftness and in silence. I shall come to see what you are doing in a moment now. Go."

They left as she commanded, in swiftness and silence. The doors closed behind them, and Teresa turned her great eyes, full of dread and suffering, upon Stanway.

"You saw it before?"

He nodded.

"You think that they have—killed him?"

"No," he cried, more assurance in his voice than in his heart. "It means nothing if there is a little blood after men have struggled as they must have fought here. And if they killed him, then why carry the body with them? He is alive; he must be."

"Yes," she answered, "I should feel it here." Her hands were pressed tight upon her breast. "Now go with them, Senor Billy. You are good to us."

"Good to myself," he laughed back at her, trying to speak easily.

Stanway passed out into the patio, running toward the corrals where he had left his own horse saddled under a live oak. As he ran he heard the girl's voice calling to him:

"Remember, Senor Billy, that you are riding across the border tonight into Mexican territory. There is danger there. And—well, perhaps there is one who will pray for your speedy and safe return."

He saw the flutter of her gown through the misty moonlight, swept off his hat, called back a cheery word, and ran on.

He saw a group of men mounted or mounting now at the corral, and knew Gaucho and his vaqueros were ready. He could see the glint of the pale night light upon the rifles in their lean brown hands.

He found his own horse, a tall, restive sorrel, swung into the saddle, called sharply to Gaucho, and then realized suddenly that something was keeping the men at the corral gate, that their voices were raised excitedly.

Giving his mount the spur he dashed down to them.

"Que es?" he called, half angry at the momentary delay. "What is it, Gaucho?"

"I'll answer for Gaucho," came a deep, sonorous voice, unmistakably southern in accent. "It is I, senor."

"And you," snapped Stanway, "Who the devil are you?"

"One who is not accustomed to being addressed as if he were a mestizo," with a certain haughtiness which rode well upon the deep music of the voice. "Senor Don Eduardo Ramon Torre, at your service, senor!"

"Oh, h—l," grunted the American under his breath. And then, riding into the heart of the excited group, reining in his sorrel close to a deep-chested black animal, its hide glistening with sweat, he said shortly: "Well, Torre, what is it? We are in something of a hurry."

Torre laughed.

"[illegible]? So you are one of us, senor? Bueno. It is a pleasure to know."

"He has met up with the raiders, Senor Stanway," Gaucho snarled. "He was riding this way from across the river. He is wounded, see?"

Stanway saw that there was blood upon the young Spaniard's cheek, that there was a long cut which might have been made by a grazing bullet.

"Small reason we should loiter here," he said quickly. "What way did they go, Torre?"

"South, naturally, senor," replied Torre evenly.

"Gaucho!" cried Stanway then. "Scatter your men out as we ride so that we make a line a mile long when we come to the hills just across the line. Let them keep a sharp lookout, and fire if they see the rebels. We must not get too far apart, or we shall not be able to do anything. How many of them were there, Torre?"

"I forgot to count, senor. I should say, fifty, perhaps."

"We are twenty. That is enough. You are not coming with us?"

"I think not. Why, with so competent a leader as you, should I come also? No, I think," and he turned his horse toward the white walls of

"I Shall Remain Here."

the hacienda, "that I shall remain here with my kinswoman. There may be a second attack upon the rancho. Good hunting, senor."

He turned his horse, and, sitting easily, gracefully in the deep Mexican saddle, rode away through the moonlight. Stanway, frowning after the retreating form, hesitated a moment.

Then, calling sharply to Gaucho Morales, he gave his horse the spur and turned southward.

"You understand what we're doing, Gaucho?" he said sternly. "We're invading Mexico, come right down to it. We're not supposed to have any business there just now. We've got to take care of ourselves."

"Si, senor," muttered Gaucho at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

Word From the Insurrectos.

Moon paled, stars died, the east flushed to the coming of the sun before they turned back from a fruitless quest, riding again close together toward the north.

Stanway and Gaucho had kept upon the trail through the fields, the others spreading out to east and west as they rode that there might be no chance of missing the party they sought in the night.

But in an hour they had come into a country where all tracks were mingled with the hoof marks of cattle and vaqueros' ponies, and their trail was smothered and lost.

Shortly before midnight they had come upon three men, ragged, ugly-looking Mexicans, sleeping about a camp fire which was fast dying. The men knew nothing or professed an ignorance, Stanway could not tell which.

After that nothing, although they had pushed many miles into the Mexican country until they realized the utter uselessness of riding farther.

"We may as well go back, Gaucho," Stanway said at last. "They will want ransom, I suppose. When they speak we'll know what to do."

And reluctantly, his face black with the wrath upon him, Gaucho Morales called to his men to turn back.

The sunlight lay bright and warm upon the oranges and their blossoms when they rode back to the rancho.

Stanway threw himself from the saddle, a bit stiff from long hours of hard riding.

Then, walking slowly now, loath to greet Teresa de la Guerra with news of their failure, he came into the patio.

She was there waiting for him.

"Nothing," he blurted out. "We have found nothing."

"I know," she said quietly. She came toward him, putting out her hands. "You have been good to us, Senor Billy."

He laughed a bit awkwardly.

"I don't know how," he retorted. "I have done nothing. You have not been molested here?"

She hesitated. He saw a quick frown gather her brows. Then, speaking lightly, she replied, saying:

"No. But come; you must be hungry and tired out. Coffee is ready."

He went with her to the broad-open doors.

"Torre is here?" he asked, his eyes intent upon her face.

The frown came again, and was gone quickly. But he had seen it.

"He is here, yes. Asleep, I think. He was wounded. You know?"

"He is not badly hurt?"

Her tired eyes, into which sleep had not come during the long night, grew brightly contemptuous.

"It is only his beauty which is harmed," she said swiftly.

"Good morning, prima mia!" called a deep, laughing voice. "Ah, still with us, Senor Stanway?"

Torre, debonair in the dark, youthful beauty of him, greeted them at the doorway.

"Certainly Senor Stanway is still with us," said Teresa, coolly. "He is my guest, my grandfather's friend, Senor Torre!"

Torre laughed and lifted his shoulders.

"Enter," he said with a graciousness which was in some strange way vaguely insulting; it was as though he were the master here, and because of his generosity not only Stanway but the girl as well were allowed upon the premises.

Now it was Teresa who flushed.

"Come, Senor Billy," she said quietly. "We are going to have coffee together."

For the fraction of a second the two men stood fronting each other, their level eyes filled with challenge, with a mistrust which was little less than hatred.

Then the Spaniard, bowing again, turned away, with a slight smile playing under the small, pointed mustache, and Stanway followed his hostess.

Pedro himself superintended the serving of the simple breakfast.

"Senorita," Stanway said at last, pushing back his chair, "I should like to go back to the drawing room. There might be something there to give us a hint that will help us."

"Si," she said, "I had thought of that. I looked last night carefully after you had gone."

"You found nothing?"

"Nothing that I could understand," she answered quietly. "Something I could not."

He looked up at her quickly, his eyes full of question.

"This," she answered, not waiting for him to speak.

She placed a folded paper before him. He glanced at it, frowned, looked again, and turned once more to her.

"It is his will. Dated last night. But why has he made a new one?"

"Read it," as quietly as before, though her eyes were brightening with some surge of emotion he could not guess.

He ran through it hastily, skimming the lines, eager for the gist of it. And when he had found it he leaped to his feet, his hands clenched, amazement and anger mingled in his eyes.

"It is a forgery!" he cried sharply.

"No," shaking her head. "It is his signature. And, look, to make certain I investigated. Pedro and Juana and Videl witnessed the signature. That is what brought Mr. Dempton last night."

"But," he muttered heavily, "the thing is impossible! Why, he has given everything, everything to Torre! And he hated Torre more than he pretended to hate an American!"

"Yet it is his will," she reminded him. "And he is gone. And Senor Torre is here."

"Already with the air of a master!" shouted Stanway. He was already half across the room, sheer wrath in his eyes now, the will crumpled in his hard hand.

"Wait!" the girl cried, running to him, her hand upon his arm as though she would hold him back. "What are you going to do?"

"To tell him that he is no less a fool than a thief," he retorted. "That he must explain his opportune presence here as well as the disappearance of De la Guerra."

"Again I appear to eavesdrop. Again I prove the adage that he who listens hears disappointing things of himself." It was Torre leaning indolently in the doorway.

"You are going to say, senor—"

Stanway flung the crumpled paper in front of him.

"Explain that!" he snapped. "You can't get away with a thing like this, Torre. Explain it!"

"When I have read it," replied Torre coolly, his small hand carelessly taking up the document. "Ah"—with what sounded like very genuine surprise in his tone—"it is De la Guerra's will!"

Teresa and Stanway watched him closely.

"It seems very clear," he said then, his eyes smiling. He folded the paper carefully and thrust it into his pocket. "Where is the need for explanation?"

"The will was made last night," said Stanway crisply. "The ink of the signatures was hardly dry when he disappeared. What is the connection of the two events, senor?"

"You ask riddles, senor." Torre shrugged his shoulders.

A servant in snowy white linen livery appeared in the dining room doorway.

"El Capitan Juarez to speak with the senorita," he announced.

Stanway started, swinging about, forgetting Torre for the instant.

"Of the rebel army?" he demanded.

"Si, senor! Of the insurrectos."

"I can guess his errand," remarked Torre indifferently. "He will no doubt wish to speak with me. Tell him, muchacho, that as the De la Guerra heir I shall speak with him—when I have finished my coffee. A little more sugar, Pedro."

CHAPTER V.

The Game Begins.

Teresa de la Guerra's face went red and white, and Torre, seeing, smiled.

She heard in the words only an insult to her beloved papa grande, knowing as she so well knew that of all men the old Spaniard hated his arrogant young kinsman most implacably.

"We don't understand," she said presently, turning her back upon the man at table and addressing Stanway. "Perhaps Captain Juarez' call will clear matters for us. Will you come with me, Senor Stanway?"

Torre's face darkened as he watched them go out together.

In the drawing room, in much worn uniform bespeaking his rank, a very broad, heavy-set Mexican, swarthy, hard-featured, keen-eyed, was waiting. He bowed deeply as they entered.

"Senorita," he said briskly, his eyes disregarding Stanway and resting upon the girl's face in a keen regard, "It is an unpleasant duty which brings me here this morning."

"Be seated," she said quietly, going to a chair. "But first, Captain Juarez, this is my friend, Senor Stanway of the Painted Rock rancho."

The two men bowed coolly. Stanway remained standing near the girl's chair, while Juarez sat down.

"We of poor Mexico," said the captain shortly, "are fighting hard for a dear cause. We sacrifice ourselves, our hopes, our homes for the thing we love most, senorita.

"And that is our country. We do things which we do not like to do simply because it is our duty to take any opportunity which chance gives us to free the neck of our land from the foot of the tyrant."

Teresa bowed.

"And you have called this morning; you have crossed the border—"

"At the behest of a Mexican's duty, Senorita, your grandfather is well and sends his love to you."

"Tell me," she cried imperiously, "where is he?"

"Many miles beyond the border," he answered succinctly. "In the hands of friends—if he accedes to our demands," significantly.

"And those demands?" curiously.

"I have not as yet made of him," returned the captain. "Allow me to explain, senorita. I know Senor de la Guerra, if not personally at least very well by repute. I know that he does not love my Mexico, and that he is very stubborn.

"Our cause needs money and he has it in great, unnecessary quantities.

"Had I made a demand upon him for a note to you, stating that he was held for ransom and urging you to pay it, I know that he would have refused. So I come straight to you, without so much as a word to him, informing you that unless the money is sent immediately—"

He broke off, shrugging his shoulders.

"You realize, senor," broke in Stanway coolly, "that this is rather an unusual sort of thing at this day? That it is not without danger to you? If the senorita were not disposed to give what you ask, if on the other hand we held you for the crime you have committed—"

Again the captain shrugged.

"It would mean imprisonment for me, or perhaps death," he answered promptly. "Things which a soldier faces every day of his life and grows to think nothing about. And—pardon me, senorita—it would mean the death of the Senor de la Guerra."

Again a little shiver trembled through the frame of the girl. Stanway, his eyes steady upon the Mexican's, was silent a moment. Finally he said, turning to Teresa:

"Before you give this gentleman his answer, senorita, may I ask for a few words with you?"

"May I interrupt again?" It was Eduardo Ramon Torre, insolent and debonair, bowing in the doorway, a fresh, unlighted cigarette between his fingers. "Buenos dias, Senor el Capitan."

Captain Juarez stared at him fixedly, his hard eyes as insolent as those of Torre, and made no answer.

"I think, senor," went on Torre in mock courtesy, still lounging in the doorway, "that it is with me that you wish to deal. Am I not right, prima mia?" lightly to Teresa.

The girl's eyes darkened. Juarez looked from one to another curiously.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I can have business with no one except la senorita. She is the one to speak in a case like this one, since the old senor is not here to speak for himself and she is his heiress."

"Let your keen eyes rest on this." Torre drew the will from his pocket and carelessly tossed it into Juarez' lap.

The Mexican looked at it swiftly, his eye ran down the written sheet, and he started palpably when his glance rested upon the name Eduardo Ramon Torre.

"I have been misinformed," he cried, starting to his feet. "The senorita is not the heiress. It is Senor Torre who inherits!"

"Seguro," replied Torre, putting out his shapely hand for the will. "And I, senor, am that Senor Torre. Now, what do you want?"

"This is true, senorita?" Juarez whirled about, his eyes bright and hard upon Teresa's.

"You come from [illegible] grande," she answered him [illegible] "Did he [illegible] tell you of [illegible]"

"We did [illegible]ed her. "As I have said, I knew that it would be useless to talk with him. He knows only that he is being held; he does not know why. I know only," and he resorted to the shrug so much a part of his method of speech, "that rumor has it that you are his heiress, and this paper states that Torre inherits."

"Rumor at times is misinformed," Torre said smilingly. "You have the will and testament itself before you. If it is sufficiently plain that I and not the senorita," with an apologetic bow to Teresa, "represent my kinsman; I trust that you will state your errand concisely."

"It is this," said Juarez shortly. "El Senor de la Guerra is held by my men for ransom. Twenty thousand dollars will bring him back to you promptly, without a scratch on him. A refusal to pay will be a signal for his death."

"So," remarked Torre coolly. "It is only twenty thousand dollars. You are modest, senor!"

"American money," Juarez added as coolly.

"American money," nodded Torre. "That is better than Mexican pesos, at any rate. It is at least less insulting to my kinsman."

Captain Juarez made no reply. Teresa and Stanway looked at each other swiftly.

Torre, smiling as though the whole matter were merely amusing, addressed himself to the girl.

"Teresita," and she flushed under the easy familiarity, "perhaps the valiant captain has not yet breakfasted. He has a long ride before him and it would be better if he should not carry away a misunderstanding of the De la Guerra hospitality. Also, while he has his coffee, you and I might discuss the situation?"

"Yes," the girl agreed slowly. "That would perhaps be best." Her hand went to the bell cord to summon Pedro. "We have just breakfasted, senor capitan. If you will go with Pedro he will see that you are served. And Senor Torre, Senor Stanway and myself can avail ourselves of the time to come to a decision."

The captain bowed, and with no hesitation turned his back on them to follow the servant to the dining room. Torre came in, sat down, crossing his legs with elaborate care to the crease in his trousers, and favored Stanway with a look which mocked openly.

"An interesting situation, is it not, senor?" he asked lightly.

"An extremely hazardous game you are playing, Torre," cried Stanway angrily.

"I?" Torre lifted his brows. "It is not I who play. It is I who watch the game."

"Watch the pawns your own fine hand has set moving!" was Stanway's heated retort. "Do you think that you can get away with a thing of this kind, Torre? Why, man, it smells to heaven!"

"Recriminations aside—at least shall we postpone them? There is a crisis demanding attention. Now," lifting his hand against Stanway's words, "I have a proposition to make—to you, Teresa."

"What is it?" she asked coldly.

"Merely this: As heir to the De la Guerra estate I may be a prejudiced person. You, with no personal interest," and a quick light flicked in his eyes at the girl's wincing at his words, "are the one to decide. Shall the captain's request be granted? I leave it to you, senorita. Entirely to you."

Teresa bit her lip, the color surging angrily into her cheeks. She saw the trap as plainly as did Torre, as plainly as Stanway saw it. And she did not see the answer to make.

"It is perhaps not impossible," went on Torre evenly, "that a large part of the sum mentioned is now on the premises. We all know that my kinsman has always been his own banker; that he at all times has been able to produce a large amount of gold at a moment's notice.

"Unfortunately, in answering his summons to the rancho, I came too late for him to make me cognizant of the hiding place. Perhaps you, prima mia, are better informed?"

"Perhaps," she answered him quietly, though the color still ran red in her cheeks.

"And perhaps," added Stanway significantly, "Senor Torre would be glad to have knowledge of this banco; would be glad to have the money handed over to his emissary?"

"Emissary?" Again Torre's black brows arched. "The fabrications of the Americano's suspicions are truly wonderful! He would suspect me of robbing myself?"

He laughed insolently. Stanway looked questioningly at the girl.

"Prima mia," began Torre.

The girl whirled upon him, her eyes flashing.

"Senor Torre," she cried passionately, "you make it necessary for me to remind you that our relationship is not of my choosing, and that we are not close enough for you to call me cousin! If you find it necessary to address me at all I should like to be addressed as Senorita de la Guerra. Please remember."

Torre flushed angrily but managed his careless smile.

"As you wish, Senorita de la Guerra," he retorted. "May I suggest something?"

"What is it?" shortly.

"Merely this: This man who calls himself Captain Juarez may be a rank impostor, as well as a scoundrel. Before even considering the matter of a ransom would it not be well to ask him to prove to us that he knows at least where our kinsman is? If you ring for Pedro again and sent him with the message—"

Teresa rang and sat in a musing silence until Pedro came.

"Pedro," she said then, "tell Captain Juarez that we are considering his proposition. Tell him further that we wish to be certain that he really comes from the senor."

Pedro bowed, withdrew, and returned almost immediately, his face strangely white, his hand shaking as he held out something to the girl.

"It is the master's ring," he said, deeply agitated. "The ring he wore always upon his left hand. Senorita, senorita," his voice choking, his eyes glistening, "you will not let them kill him?"

"No, Pedro." She took the ring, her own eyes shining. "If harm comes to him, Pedro," she went on steadily, "we shall know what to do, shall we not?"

Pedro made no spoken answer. But his eyes, suddenly hard and cruel, went straight to Torre, resting full of meaning upon him. Then, turning abruptly, the servant left the room.

"It is papa grande's ring, Senor Stanway," She ignored Torre entirely. "I am afraid that Captain Juarez speaks the truth."

Stanway stood with drawn brows, staring at the floor. The whole affair was so eloquent of rascality on the part of the debonair, black-mustached Torre it was so inconceivable that his presence here now was not a part of dark design, so ridiculous to suppose that Antonio de la Guerra had ever really purposed disinheriting the girl who was dearer to him than daughters to most men—and yet what to do?

Suddenly Stanway bent forward, whispering swiftly, guardedly, to the girl.

And then, after Stanway had finished and stood erect again, looking down upon her, as Torre watched, his eyes narrowing suspiciously, her hand clenched, her chin squared, determination came into her mien and voice.

"It is a chance, senor," she said. She rose and stood looking at him steadily, still ignoring Torre. "It is a game of dice with our destinies."

"And you will play it, senorita?" eagerly from the American.

She made a little gesture as though she were handing something to him.

"I place the dice in your hands. May I, Senor Billy?"

"Then," cried Stanway, "we must waste no time! Call Pedro."

She rang. Torre, still watching suspiciously, made no comment. Pedro came in his swift, silent fashion.

"Send word to Gaucho to come to the house immediately," Stanway told him. "Let him bring three men with him. Let them come armed. And see that Captain Juarez does not leave the house. I shall—entertain Senor Torre."

A quick light of understanding leaped up in Pedro's eyes. He turned with a brief, grunted "Bueno," and hurried on his errand.

Torre had leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

"What does this mean?" he cried sharply. "As heir to the De la Guerra estates I demand—"

"Sit down!" Stanway's voice was very cool, but it rang with an unmistakable sternness. "We are going to begin our game of dice presently. And you will do well, senor, in playing your hand, to keep right on smoking and—Sit down!"

His hand moved a very little as he spoke, coming to rest upon his right hip. Torre sat down.

"Sit Down!"

Life Bughouse for Him.

A Stockholm man relates the following: "I married a widow with a grown daughter. My father, who often visited us, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. Because of that marriage my father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my mother-in-law. Some time after my wife gave birth to a son, who became my father's brother-in-law and my uncle. Then my father's wife, that is, my stepdaughter, also gave birth to a son. I therefore had a brother and also a nephew. Summed up, my wife is my grandmother, as she is the mother of my mother. I am the husband of my wife and at the same time I am her step-nephew—in other words I am my own grandfather. Really, it is too much for one man to bear."

MT. JEWETT

More Soldiers Came Home—Married In Olean.

Harry J. Short, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Short of Haselhurst, and a brother of Mrs. Harold Lundberg of this place arrived home on Friday last following the customary loyal service to his country extending over a period of eighteen months.

He enlisted with the Machine Gun Company C. Bradford on June 4th, '17 sailed for France on May 7th, 1918 as a member of M. G. Co., 112th Inf. and participated in a number of battles including the 5th German offense, Chateau Thierry, Meuse Argonne and the quiet Sectors.

Later he suffered an attack of bronchitis which eventually resulted in his transfer to the Postal Department, which capacity he filled until he received his discharge. At the time of the signing of the armistice he was in the vicinity of Metz.

While Mr. Short did not see a great deal of the country other than that concerned with movement of troops, he made a short excursion to the Pyrennes mountains where he visited the famous grotto and shrine of Lourdes of which he gives an interesting account.

Another Mt. Jewett boy Chas. Lindelow, arrived home on Wednesday having landed in New York on April 23rd after nearly 13 month military service in France. Mr. Lindelow had been in the west five years previous to his enlistment at Kansas City, in June, 1916. Serving in camps in the U. S. until March 26th, 1918 he sailed for France on that date as a member of the 35th. Div., Machine Gun Co., 140th Infantry and participated in the engagements of the Lorraine Front, Verdun Front, St. Mehiel and for six days was engaged in the bloody war of the last drive of the Argonne-Meuse Forest. In January following cessation of the war he was gassed and had to spend two months in hospital in France and two weeks in the hopital at Camp Dix after arriving in the U. S.

Mr. Lindelow returned home unaware that his father had died during his absence as letters conveying the sad information had miscarried, and the news came as a severe shock.

Mrs. Carrie Lawrence, District Deputy Grand Matron of the order of the Eastern Star was a visitor of the local chapter at the regular meeting on Tuesday evening. At the conclusion of the session the meting resolved itself into a farewell party for one of the members, Mrs. A. O. Downey, who will leave soon for her new home in Martinsburg, W. Va.

An elaborate luncheon was served at which Mrs. Lawrence presided as toastmistress, and Mrs. Downey was presented with a dozen silver teaspoons of beautiful design as a mark of the esteem in which she is held by her friends of the chapter.

Hazelhurst members present, despite the rain, included Mesdames Bertha Shaw, J. H. Walker, I. S. Goshorn and F. D. Hart, the latter a member of Bradford chapter.

Herbert Housler of Haselhurst, died at the Kane Summit Hospital on Sunday morning last of meningitis as a culmination of after-effects of influenza from which he suffered last winter.

His wife and seven children survive. Funeral services conducted by Rev. Zettler were held at the home on Wednesday afternoon and burial was made at Kasson. Mr. Housler was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which organization assisted with burial services.

Relatives in town have received announcement of the marriage of Evan R. Benson son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Benson of Kushequa avenue and Miss Laverne E. Snyder of Olean, N. Y. The marriage took place on May 14th and after an extended wedding trip to Baltimore and Washington, the couple will make their home in Olean, where the groom has been employed for over a year.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

ELDRED

Good Roads Needs Shown—News Notes In Brief.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel D. Stillman on Monday afternoon, May 19, celebrated a great event in their lives, their 50th wedding anniversary, at their pleasant home in Ceres. Relatives and friends to the number of 90 from this place, Little Genesee, Bolivar, Shinglehouse and Eldred were present. The afternoon was very enjoyably passed visiting and having a general good time. At five o'clock a buffet lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman were the recipients of a number of beautiful gifts, including cut glass etc Mr. and Mrs. Stillman were married at Little Genesee, N. Y., 50 years ago Monday the Rev. Brown performing the ceremony. This worthy couple lived in that place since their marriage until only a few years ago when they moved to Ceres to reside. They are held in the highest esteem by all who know them and were showered with congratulations upon the occasion of their anniversary.—Mail. They are parents of Bert Stillman of Eldred.

A fitting illustration of the need of good roads was shown here Tuesday when a truck from Bradford loaded with an enormous load of household goods drove into town after an all days job of getting from Portville and went over to the garage to put up for the night. From Portville this is from where the New York state improved road ends to Eldred about seven miles an all days trip, think of it. At the garage the truck wheels got into the ditch and it became necessary to get horses and tackle blocks to get them out. The road on to Coudersport the destination offered but little satisfaction for such a laden truck; but with improved roads, this same route could have been traveled in a comparatively few hours.

.. B. Eastman, Register of Wills, of Smethport was in town Tuesday looking for any holes in his political fence but seemed to be well satisfied with the way things look down this way.

J. D. Hardy while cleaning a shovel handle Monday ran a silver deeply into the palm of his hand. The hand has swollen and become painful, and it has been necessary to give it medical attention.

Attorney T. F. Mullin is moving his law office from the Belout building to the building formerly occupied by Joe Fortonato, opposite the postoffice.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Williams of Andover, Sunday a boy. Mrs. Williams is there helping her young grandson to get the proper start in life.

Judge Ira McCreary has moved his office to the Chapman building first door north of the bank where he will deal out justice as impartial as Solomon ever did.

C. E. King was down from Port Allegany Wednesday. He has been laid up several weeks with the flu. Said he waited tell everybody else had it then took what was left—which was good and plenty.

Atorney Chales F. Haughney and family, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Sweeney. He reportse affairs in Erie in good shape and his brother, John R. doing nicely.

Frank Sartwell of Smethport was in town Thursday. He has been very ill and changed a great but is now feeling better.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDivit at Haymaker, Tuesday a 12 pound boy. —Eagle.

EAST SMETHPORT

Brief Notes Telling of the Coming and Going of Visitors

Mrs. Fred Kautz was a business visitor in Olean last week.

Gilbert Rice spent Sunday at his home in Coryville.

A very successful term of school was closed here Friday.

Miss Mary Kielsath spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Frank Vossler of Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Nourse were Sunday guests of friends in Farmer's Valley.

Mrs. E. G. Peterson was a guest of her parents last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Green of Norwich are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Abbey.

John Walker, who has been in France for several months, returned home Saturday.

Alice Miller is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. William Acre.

Hugh Abbey, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Abbey, who has been a bugler in France for some time returned home Monday.

Miss Gladys Bray has returned to her home in Farmer's Valley after closing a very succesful term of school here.

Miss Lois Nourse was a Sunday guest of Miss Ethel Love.

FOR SALE.

Fresh cow. Phone 133R12. Frank Ripley. adv22w2

CROSBY.

Mrs. Susan Cockran and children, Robert and Bertha are visiting her mother, Mrs. Susan Parsons.

Mr. Dulla Gifford and son, Ray and Miss Jessie Hendrickson returned from Buffalo Monday where they have been guests of Mrs. Lorane Acre.

Mrs. Flora Oviatt visited her sister, Mrs. Bertha Marsh Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Guy Smith and children visited at the home of Mrs. Martin Doubles.

Mrs. Herbert Smith and little daughter arrived last week from London and is waiting for her husbands arrival at Mr. and Mrs. Martin Doubles.

Mrs. Max Fischer of Cleveland, Ohio is visiting relatives in Crosby.

Mrs. Herman Kreuzer returned from Bradford Monday morning where she has been to see her daughter, Mrs. Sylvia Day, who has a baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lathrope are rejoicing over the arrival of a little girl. Mother and child are doing fine.

Myrtle the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore has been quite sick the past week but is gaining now.

Rev. W. H. Edmunds is in Maddison, N. J. for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Bartlett is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Manwaring this week.

POMONA GRANGE

Farmers Valley, Wednesday, June 4, 1919:

10:45 A. M. Business Session
Reports of Committees
Old Business
New Business
Memorial Exercises
1:30 P. M. Lecturers Program
Welcome Song
Welcome Address
War Experiences ...... E. A. Studholme
Duet .... J. L. Morrison and Leona Hogarth.
The Y. M. C. A. and The War .. W. E. Sawyer
Reading .... Marie Smith
Duet .... J. L. Morrison and Leona Hogarth
Kitchen Conveniences .. Miss Martha Pitman State College, Pa.
Closing Song

FARMERS VALLEY

News and Personal Notes From a Nearby Neighborhood

Mr. and Mrs. Lavern Steinhauer were visiting the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steinhauer this week.

Pomona Grange will be held at Farmers Valley June 4.

Pauline Thayer took the county examinations at Smethport Saturday.

Ben Pelton has moved his family back to Farmers Valley.

Rev. Lawrence Thayer and William Tyler were recent visitors of Port Allegheny.

The Christian Endeavor rally will be held at Farmers Valley the 12th and 13th of June.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Swort were visitors at Port Allegheny one day last week.

Rev. Kinney of Millport will preach at the Farmers Valley church next Sunday.

Miss Abbie Rockerfellow has returned from visiting friends and relatives in Potter county.

Miss Lois Sratton was a Smethport caller Monday.

George Hewitt has gone to Oklahoma to work.

Judd Hackett lost a vauable cow last week.

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M. S. GEARY REAL ESTATE AGENT

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Pict. Review and Mod. Priscill the remainder of the year (7 mo.) $1.50
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Womans Home Companion and American 1 yr $3.00

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